

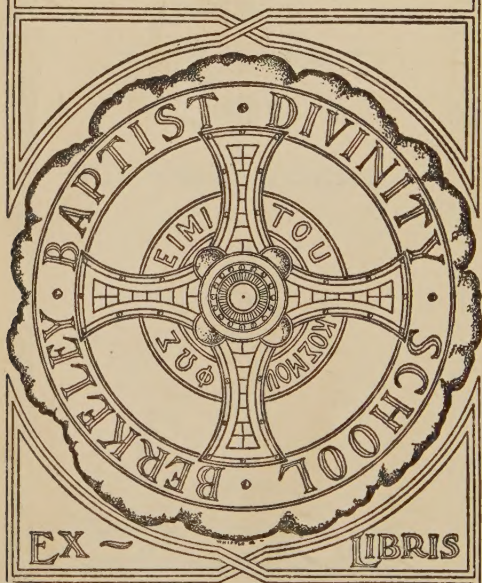
Jack-in-the-Pulpit

Talks to Children



AVERY A. SHAW

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JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT

AND OTHER TALKS TO CHILDREN

By

AVERY ALBERT SHAW

Pastor Emmanuel Baptist Church
Brooklyn, N. Y.



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TO
Clara King Shaw
MY CONSTANT INSPIRATION

39943

*Jack-in-the-Pulpit preaches today,
Under the green trees, just over the way;
Squirrel and Song-Sparrow high on their perch,
Hear the sweet lily-bells ringing to church.
Come, hear what his reverence rises to say,
In his low-painted pulpit, this calm Sabbath day.*

—CLARA SMITH.

PREFACE

FOR many years it has been my custom to give a brief talk to the children as a part of the Sunday-morning worship. Many of those who have heard these talks—Sunday-school teachers, parents, preachers, and other friends—have urged me to have some of them published that they might be made available to a wider public. If parents and teachers shall find in this little volume help in their work with children, and if my brother preachers shall find inspiration to go and do better, I shall be greatly rewarded.

A. A. SHAW.

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*Phil Ch. 34
Nov. 11-34*

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT

JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT? Yes, here he is: this old, two-bladed Jack-knife. It has been my friend and helper since I bought it six years ago in a little old-fashioned country store in Healing Springs, Virginia. I can't take time to tell you how useful it has been to me in a hundred ways. It has done for me everything a knife should do, and many other things besides, and now it has become a preacher. Yes, indeed, a real preacher! A short time ago I gave the boys and girls a conundrum: Why is a watch like a boy?

When I got all through thinking how much a watch is like a boy, I heard a snappy, jerky voice saying, "I'm like a boy, too!"

"Who are you?" I said.

"Your old Jack-knife," was the reply.

Well, I had to laugh, for I thought if a watch is like a boy and a Jack-knife is like a boy, then a Jack-knife must be like a watch. That is what they call logic. You will learn all about it some day. And I thought of my beautiful watch that dear friends gave me years ago—it must have cost over one hundred dollars—and this old grubby, rusty-bladed knife that cost twenty-five cents, like my watch! I sat there and laughed.

"Well, you needn't laugh," the Jack-knife said.

"If you don't know that a knife is like a boy, I'll tell you."

"Proceed with your instructive remarks," I said, "I am listening."

"Well, you said that a watch was like a boy because it had two parts, an outer case and inner works, remember?"

"Yes," I said.

"And the inner works are more important than the outer case?"

"Yes."

"Very well, *I* have two parts, the handle and the blades, and the blades are more important than the handle, even if the handle is as shiny as that of the silver knife you carry in your pocket all the time."

"Fine!" I said; "you may make quite a preacher if you keep on, a regular Jack-in-the-Pulpit! Anything more?"

"Sure!" was the reply. "I don't know that I am like a *watch* in any other way, but I am like a *boy* in many ways: My blades had to be tempered before they were fit for use. They were heated red-hot, and they were pounded and rolled and plunged in oil or water to temper them, to make them hard. And the finer the temper the better the edge. And boys have to be put in all kinds of hard places so that they may become strong, before they can be of use."

He was getting warmed up now, like a real preacher, so I didn't interrupt him. I was getting really interested.

"And secondly, my blades had to be sharpened before they could cut. And what do they do to boys in

school and at play and in Sunday school but sharpen them? And thirdly and finally, brethren (a well-trained preacher, you see), if you had used me more my blades would not be rusty, as they are now. Do I need to enlarge on that?"

"Not at all," I answered. "I get the point. You remind me of old Ulysses, who complained:

"How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use."

"But there is a conclusion to my sermon," he said.

"Every proper sermon must have a conclusion."

"It is this: A sharp knife is not safe except in careful hands."

And that was all my Jack-in-the-Pulpit said, and I don't believe I need to add anything to it. Just ask yourselves in Whose hands you can be sure always of being safe and useful.

Thurs 21-34

A CONUNDRUM

WHY is a watch like a boy? Who can tell me? I never would have thought they were alike at all until I began to think about it the other day, when I found that a watch is very much like a boy.

A watch has an outer case and inner works, and so has a boy. A boy has a body of bones and muscle and nerves and fat and skin, a body he must feed and clothe and rest. But the body is only the outer covering of the real self that thinks and feels and loves.

And then we know that the inner works are much more important than the outer case. If you have good works the watch will keep time just as well, whether the case is gold or silver or nickel. And a watch with poor works will not keep good time no matter how fine the case may be. Now I want you to think that through!

Well, what is the next thing that makes us think a watch is like a boy?

A watch runs, and so does a boy. Good! That is, a boy runs *sometimes*. And so does a watch, for that matter.

And then a watch runs down unless it is wound up. Once every twenty-four hours you must wind your watch, or it will stop. What is that? How do you wind up a boy? What do you do when you eat and sleep and exercise your body? And what do you do

when you think, and study, and go to school? And most of all, what does going to Sunday school and church and daily reading of the Bible and prayer morning and night do for a boy? A boy can't "go" very long without being wound up.

Well, now, we are getting on finely. What next?

A watch needs cleaning. My watch is at the jeweler's now. When the repairman looked at it through his little round eyepiece, he said, "It's been about four years since it was cleaned." Just think, not having to wash but once in four years! It is quite easy to open the case and wipe the face of the watch, and to clean the crystal, and polish the case. It's another matter to clean the works. It takes an expert to do that.

Many centuries ago a good man prayed: "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me."

Is there anything else we can think of? A watch needs to be regulated, and it has a regulator. There is a little hand inside. We move it toward "F." if we want it to go faster, and toward "S." if we want it to go slower. And we set our watches by the sun. What do we call that regulator in a boy? Conscience! Good! But a great many folk have done very bad things for "conscience' sake." Conscience must be set by the "Sun of Righteousness." That means that we must have our minds and hearts at one with our heavenly Father. We must come to him day by day to ask him what we should do and which way we should go.

There is one thing more about this watch. It has on its face its maker's name. How about you boys and girls?

THE TWINE-BASKET'S SERMON

I was sitting at my desk last evening, wondering what I would talk about to my boys and girls this morning. I thought of some splendid stories written by a friend of mine. While I was trying to decide which one I would take, I heard a quiet, yet jolly little voice say, "Why don't you let *me* preach to the boys and girls tomorrow morning?"

I looked all around to see who this would-be preacher was. It wasn't the inkwell—it wasn't the telephone—it wasn't the golf cup.

"You're getting warm," the voice said, as my eyes moved along—and then I saw that it was this little Twine-basket!

"Well! Of all things!" I said. "*You* a preacher? What in the world have you to say to boys and girls? And anyway, it takes a pretty smart preacher to say anything to interest those at Emmanuel. They are pretty wise, and know most everything there is to know, already."

"Oh, *I* can tell them lots of things," he said.

"All right," I answered, "preach it to me, and then I can tell whether it will do."

"Oh, *you*? Why you're nothing but a boy yourself, and you need my sermon as much as any one! All preachers used to be preached to."

"Very well," I said with great dignity, "proceed with your sermon."

And this is what he said :

"My text is: 'Nothing comes out that hasn't gone in.'

"The first point of my sermon, Mr. Preacher-Boy, is this: Just as it is good to have me to hold your twine to keep it from rolling all over the floor, or getting lost, or rolling into the fireplace, so you should keep your thoughts and desires in your mind and heart till you want to use them. Some people have so many holes in their minds that a thought can't stay long enough for them to get acquainted with it. God gave you your mind to keep thoughts in, that they may grow and be ready to use when they are needed.

"And secondly, you can take out of me any kind of twine you want. Red today, white tomorrow, blue next day—or all three together, if you wish; or black, or green, or yellow. Just so, out of your mind you can take any kind of thought and desire you wish, warm red thoughts of love, splendid true thoughts of blue, fine pure thoughts of white. Or, if you choose, black thoughts of hatred, green thoughts of jealousy, yellow thoughts of cowardice.

"Whatever you want you can have.

"But, in the third place, beloved, you can't take out of me anything that hasn't been put in.

"You will remember how the wise man said, 'Keep thy heart (mind) with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.'

"You might want red twine to send a Christmas parcel and find that some one had put yellow twine

into me. But no one can put into your heart thoughts you don't want there. You may have loving thoughts, true thoughts, pure thoughts; or you may have the black and green and yellow kinds.

“ ‘Whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, think on these things.’ That means, to put them into your mind so that they will be ready when you want them. If you haven't your mind filled with these fine thoughts, there is an evil spirit always waiting to fill your mind with those other evil thoughts. But you can keep them out if you want to. What you want to take out, you should put in. You don't want evil thoughts to go out from you, turning into evil deeds to hurt others and spoil the world? Then don't let those thoughts get in. You do want to help others, to make life brighter and easier and happier for others; then put into your mind these great and beautiful thoughts.

“ And finally,” he said, “ what comes out of me goes all over the world to help make people happy and good, or to make them miserable and bad. Only a few days ago you took twine out of me to send two little turtles to a boy away in Nova Scotia. A little while ago you used twine out of me to send a book away to Japan. You sent Mr. Roosevelt's ‘Letters to His Children’ to a missionary to help him write good letters to his boys. Yes, and parcels and books to Colorado, and California, and Massachusetts. Oh, I am really very important—but not so important as the mind of a boy, whose thoughts, good or bad, go out through all the world, and never stop going. On and on they go,

for all eternity, to make others unhappy, to make others bad ; or to bring joy and cheer and courage."

So this morning I pass on to you the Twine-basket's sermon.

Your mind is given you to hold thoughts, and you can take out of your mind any kind of thought you will.

But you can take out only what is put in, and what goes into your mind depends on what you choose to have there.

Your thoughts go out into all the world and live on, for ever and ever. It reminds us of the little verse :

We scatter seeds with careless hand,
And think we ne'er shall see them more,
But for a thousand years
Their fruit appears
In weeds that mar the land,
Or fruitful store.

Special Ch
Dec 4. 1934

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THE READING-LAMP'S DEBATE

I AM sure the children never heard such a debate as I heard last evening. I was sitting at my desk working away, thinking about the best boys and girls in the world, when I thought I heard a strange voice, something like a phonograph, a metallic, squeaky voice, saying: "I tell you, I am the most important part of this lamp. You couldn't have any lamp without a standard and solid base." It was the brass standard of my desk-lamp talking. Then: "See how shiny I am. There is some ink spattered on me, but that isn't my fault."

And then the shade spoke up: "I guess I am pretty important. I am brass too, but I am all white inside and I don't let any light get away. I send it just where it is wanted. If it were not for me the preacher could not write his sermons."

Almost before the shade had finished, a funny jerky little voice said, "Oh, you think you are very important, but what good would you be if the preacher didn't pull on me until there is a click, and then on goes the light!" It was the chain that switches on the light that spoke.

Then a sharp voice broke in: "You seem to forget that you are of no use in the world without me. What is the use of a standard and base and reflector and switch-chain without the globe. I am clear and trans-

parent. I give the light. I don't do quite as well sometimes as others, but that is the preacher's fault because he doesn't dust me. But I insist that I am the most important of all."

I supposed that settled it, but just then there was the faintest little voice you ever heard, and I looked and saw the shining carbon filament just quivering with excitement, as it said: "What about me? There are lots of dead globes lying around. There is one over there on the bookshelf. The glass is just as clear as you are, but there is no light. You see, I am the most important part of the lamp."

And then there came a lazy voice, "Oh yes, you are all very important, of course, and you, insignificant filament, just remember there are thousands of globes on the shelves in stores and factories, but they give no light, and thousands of standards and shades and switches, but they can't get along without *me*." It was the cord, you see, that ran from the lamp under the books and down behind the desk and into a plug in the baseboard.

Just then I woke with a start and caught my hand in the cord and gave it a pull and out went the light, and neither standard, nor shade, nor globe, nor filament, nor cord was of any use. They were *all* necessary, you see, but no *one* of them alone could give light, for they were all useless except when connected with the power outside the house. And I couldn't help thinking of myself, my body, my nerves, my muscles, my mind, and will and imagination, my conscience. They might get up quite a debate as to which was most important; but apart from the life of God I am dark and

dead. "In Him was life, and the life was the light of men," Jesus said.

I really believe the little carbon filament was the most important of all the parts, and the most delicate and most easily injured. It is that that glows and gives the light.

It is like the spirit in us. The spirit that thinks and wills and loves. "The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord," the Bible tells us. This wonderful spirit in us, the most delicate, the most easily marred, but the most important, because it never ceases to exist; this, filled with God's life, becomes a radiant light for men. But apart from him it is forever dark and useless. Let us open our hearts to him and keep close to him every day that we may shine for him.

Monica
dec 13 '25
Guthrie
Jan. 9 '55

THE MONEymoon

How many know what the harvest-moon is? Which shoulder is it over which you look at the moon, and bad luck is sure to come? You don't know? Neither do I. And we don't care, either, do we? We don't believe in luck.

Do you know about the *wet* moon and the *dry* moon? Do you know the right time of the moon to plant your radish seed in the spring? You know of course that the word *lunatic* comes from the old idea that people become *moon-struck*. You have heard of course of a *honeymoon*. Did you ever hear how the word came to be used? Certain European people in early days used to drink mead, a strong drink made with honey, for thirty days after marriage; so the month following marriage was called the honeymoon.

But did any of you ever hear of the Money-moon? The other day, in Poughkeepsie, I heard of a boy who looked over his left shoulder at the Money-moon—and what do you suppose happened? He couldn't think of anything but money afterward. He was sure that all he needed was money, more money, all the money he could get. He began to think he must have money for everything he did. That night before he went to bed he made out a bill to his mother and put it on her plate at breakfast. This is the way it read:

Jack-in-the-Pulpit

MOTHER, DEBTOR TO HAROLD

Running errands this month	20 cents
Shoveling snow	15 cents
Sweeping back porch	10 cents
Washing my ears five times.....	5 cents
<hr/>	
Total	50 cents

His mother took the paper and read it and never said a word. At his place at noon was an envelope with fifty cents in it. And there was another folded paper. It looked like a bill and ran like this:

HAROLD, DEBTOR TO MOTHER

Nursing through measles	\$00.00
Mending stockings and trousers	00.00
Helping with arithmetic lessons.....	00.00
Getting up lunch for birthday-party.....	00.00

When Harold read that through he turned very red and felt very much ashamed. As soon as dinner was over and he could get her alone, he slipped the money back into her hand and told her that never, never again would he forget that he owed her a hundred thousand times more than he could ever repay, and said, "Isn't there something I can do for you today?" And he vowed that if he ever saw the Moneymoon again over his left shoulder, he would turn at once and look at it over his right shoulder, and make a face at it, and go right off and have a honeymoon with the *Best Woman in the World—Mother!*

TWO FOUNTAIN PENS

I HAVE here two fountain pens. One, you see, is very plain—just black rubber. The other is very handsome. You see how this silver filigree-work shines and how large and handsome it is. It certainly has this little fellow beaten for looks.

But I am going to tell you a secret about these pens. This little plain modest pen, without any frill or filigree, is worth half a dozen of this big handsome fellow. Why? Because little "Blackie" is always to be depended upon, and you never know when big "Silversides" is going to fail you. They spent so much in decorating the outside of the pen that they missed the important thing of making a good, serviceable pen out of it. Sometimes it works fairly well for a while, and then it skips a word or two. Then when you have shaken it and have written the word over, and have got a fresh start, out comes a lot of ink and spoils your letter; and then it always leaks and blackens your fingers. And besides all this, it has a rough and scratchy pen point. It says on it "14 karat," but as the Scotchman would say, "I hae ma doots!" You can not be sure the mark tells the truth.

You know there is a proverb about that. Can any of you remember it? "All is not gold that glitters." We might improve the grammar of that proverb if we

said, "Not all is gold that glitters"—but this is not a grammar lesson.

Now I wonder if you have ever seen people like these pens?

Here is a boy of fine form, handsome face, and expensive clothes, right in the latest styles. But his handsome face does not match some very ugly sins in his heart, and in spite of all his fine dress he is very unreliable. You cannot depend on his word. You can't rely on his doing what he promises to do.

But here is another very plain and unassuming boy—perhaps he has a turned-up nose and a freckled face and poor clothes, but he would scorn to tell a lie, or say or do what was not right, and you can always rely on him to do what he says he will.

Which would you rather HAVE, big "Silersides" or little "Blackie"? Well, which would you rather BE?

Now I wonder if any of you can guess my text? It is in First Samuel 16 : 7, where Samuel is trying to pick out the man whom God had chosen to be king of Israel. Eliab comes before him, tall and strong and handsome, but God said: "Look not on his countenance, nor on the height of his stature; because I have rejected him, for the Lord seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but God looketh on the heart."

The prayer we need most to pray is, "Create in me a clean heart, O Lord, and renew a right [that is, a dependable] spirit within me."

THE TWO SNOWFLAKES

DAME NATURE is a very careful housekeeper. You know that many housekeepers cover their furniture in the summer to protect it from dust and soot; and sometimes they cover their carpets, if it is bad weather, and a great many people with muddy feet are coming into the house.

Well, Dame Nature is just as careful of her carpets. She knows that when this time of the year comes her beautiful green carpet needs to be covered so that it will be fresh and green in the spring. So she called the North Wind to come along with its covering. He began away up north several days ago. A friend of mine wrote that there was a very thick covering up there—eighteen inches of snow. And yesterday morning the North Wind that had been tugging and pulling and stretching the covering, began to shake the thin, fleecy edge over Brooklyn.

This covering, as you know, is made up of thousands and thousands of little snowflakes. Now I have an idea that Old Earth doesn't like his carpets covered, especially at first. It may be like getting into cold sheets, cold at first, but nice and cozy after a while. Anyway, I could hear Old Earth saying, this morning: "I am nice and warm, and it will take a great many thousands of you puny little snowflakes to cover

me all up. Come on down here and I will swallow you up. You think you are very white and pretty, and I hear people saying, 'Oh look at the beautiful snowflakes!' but I will spoil your pretty looks."

Well, there were two beautiful flakes that came sailing gracefully down, sweeping around in circles, obeying their master, North Wind, and they heard Old Earth's rude remarks. One of them was very much afraid and said, "Oh, I don't want to go down there and be swallowed up," but the other said, "Don't be afraid, a great many of us will have to go first and satisfy the thirst of Old Earth so that he can't swallow any more, and then all the rest of the snowflakes will come and cover the carpets and keep them warm and fresh till cold winter comes and goes." But the first one was not willing to be swallowed up by Old Earth, so it swung around and presently lit on the edge of the porch-roof; it is there yet, for all I know. But the other went on down and gave up its life, along with a great many more, that, becoming a drop of water, it might keep some tiny grass root moist and satisfy Old Earth's thirst, so that those coming later could obey the North Wind and cover the carpets for good Dame Nature.

I think this little snowflake knew that it wouldn't really lose its life, but would find its life in serving and saving. Life given always means life found. I think it knew that some time next spring, and perhaps even before that, Big Brother Sun would raise it up out of its dark grave and lift it away into the blue sky and turn it again into a more beautiful snowflake than ever, and send it down again next

year to help cover Old Earth's carpets for his good housekeeper.

I don't know what became of the other snowflake. I didn't like him very well, so I didn't pay much attention to what became of him.

THE HORSE THAT COULDN'T STOP

I READ somewhere a while ago of a horse that used to pull around a sweep which lifted ore from the depths of the earth. He was kept at the business nearly twenty years, until he became old, blind, and too stiff in the joints to be of further use. So he was turned into a pasture and left to crop the grass, without any one to disturb or bother him. But the funny thing about the old horse was that every morning after grazing a while, he would start on a tramp, going around and around in a circle, just as he had done every day for so many years. He would keep it up for hours; and people would often stop to look and wonder what had got into the head of the old fellow to make him walk around in such a solemn way when there was no earthly need of it.

Now I have three questions for you:

The first is, Why did he do this?

The second, Do you think that people are ever like this horse?

The third, Can you think of any warning or encouragement from the story of this foolish horse?

I want you to think about these questions and come and tell me your answers.

UP-STREAM

Two weeks of my holiday in Nova Scotia I spent with a friend on a lovely stream on the South Shore. This is quite a noted salmon stream. I have here a snap I took of salmon leaping the falls near the camp. It is interesting to watch them making the leap—a sheer leap of five or six feet, then zig-zagging their way up the smooth, swift water of the upper part of the falls and on into calm water above. There are miles and miles of this swift water and scores of falls over which the fish must leap. I wish you could see that rough and noisy stream. Pools and eddies here and there along its course where the salmon may rest, but for the most part stretches of narrow, swift water, broad, chattering stretches over small boulders and stones, rushing and roaring rapids over great jagged ledges; and all along its course the salmon swim, ever on and up through the swift water and the foaming rapids, resting for a while in quiet spots, but on again, leaping the rapids, and resting again for another hard pull. On the streams flowing into the Pacific the salmon journey for hundreds of miles before they reach their journey's end.

When the water is low, as it was this summer, I have seen them try again and again, four or five times before they get over the falls. What is it all about?

Why not stay in the ocean where food is plentiful, where there are no rapids to swim, no falls to leap? They are not in search of food, for almost never do these salmon take food in fresh water. Why they rise to the fisherman's fly no one seems really to know.

They are on their way up-stream to the quiet sheltered places where they may lay and fertilize their eggs and start a new generation of young salmon which after a year or so find their way to the sea, to remain a year or two, and then they start up-stream on the same quest. On the Pacific streams many of the salmon never return, but give their lives to secure a new generation.

What makes them do it? We call it *Instinct*. But what is that but the will of God! It is the voice of God that calls them from the quiet sea to the hardness of the up-stream journey. It is to fulfil his will that they strive and suffer and often die. But striving, suffering, dying, they live in other lives and serve the world.

What a parable of life! God calls boys and girls not to ease and rest and quiet but to a life that is up-stream all the way. We never grow but by striving, we never serve but by suffering, we never really live but by stemming the current.

Some one has said, "A dead fish can float down-stream, it takes a live one to swim up-stream."

May God help us all

To strive, to seek, to find,
And not to yield.

THE SPOILED PICTURE

HERE is a spoiled photograph. There is a picture of a tall preacher with a ten-pound salmon. There is also a picture of a thirteen-and-a-half-pound salmon held in a boy's hand. Only part of the boy shows, very dimly. Neither picture is clear and distinct, because the photographer made a mistake and tried to take the two pictures on one film. He wanted both of those pictures very much, but both are spoiled.

When I look at this picture I always think of what Jesus said, "No one can serve two masters." I am reminded too, of what a wise man said about "a double-minded man, unstable in all his ways."

In each of us there is a sensitized plate, and a shutter; we can expose it to whatever image we will. You may have His picture, or you may have a picture of selfishness, or falsehood, or of unkindness. You can't have a good picture of him if you keep your heart open to things that are bad.

The Psalmist said in olden times, "I shall be like Him, for I shall see him as he is."

That is the way to get a perfect picture of him in the heart. "Beholding . . . the glory of the Lord . . . transformed into the same image from glory to glory."

Keep your eyes on Jesus and your heart warm and obedient toward him, and every day you will grow more and more like him.

THE FISH-WEIRS

WE spent a week this summer on the shore of Digby Basin in Nova Scotia. Among the many interesting things we saw were the weirs where fish are caught. On the shores of this Basin the tides rise and fall from forty to sixty feet twice every twenty-four hours. Let me draw a picture of a weir. Here is the shore-line. The fish come into the Basin on the rising tide and follow the shore looking for food, small crabs, sand-worms, and such like. Presently they strike this "leader." The leader and trap are made of small trees, two or three inches thick at the bottom and fifteen to twenty-five feet high, sharpened and driven into the ground. As soon as the fish strike the leader they try to go around it. They can't get through, so they follow it along till they come to the narrow opening to the trap. You can imagine them saying, "Here we are around the end of this thing at last." But they soon strike the wall of the trap and follow it around and around, going right by the narrow door. And there they are. Around and around and around they go till the tide goes out, and the fishermen come and dip them up in scoop-nets and take them away.

While I was watching the weirs and the fishermen, I thought of my boys and girls, and some lessons came to me.

First, it is easier to get into trouble than to get out. The first lie seems an easy way out of a hard place, but soon we have to tell another to cover the first and

O what a tangled web we weave
When first we practise to deceive.

The same is true with any bad habit. Very easy to get in. Very hard to get out.

Then, if we get out at all, we must get out where we went in. There is only one door to the weir. It is no narrower when going out than coming in, but you can't seem to help going in. But how hard to find the way out. But there is no other way—unless you want to stay in.

The third thing about the weir is that if the fish would turn right about as soon as it got in, it could easily find its way out, but it keeps going on and on, around and around, and then it becomes bewildered and lost and helpless. There is only one thing to do when we have done wrong, and that is to turn right about, and there, sure enough, is the way out.

There is a word used again and again in the New Testament to describe this turning around. I wonder who can tell me what it is. Yes, that's it—"Repent." It means to change your mind, turn square around and start over again.

THE JELLY-FISH

LET me tell you this morning about another interesting thing we saw on the shore of Digby Basin. It was the Jelly-fish. You find them along every shore of the ocean. No doubt you have all seen them floating along with the tide. We saw many of them this summer, large ones and small ones, green ones and pink ones and reddish-brown ones.

Sitting on the end of a small boat-dock one day when the tide was coming in, I saw them drifting past, the outer circle of the body and the long "feelers" rising and falling, rising and falling, gathering in the food that came their way.

It seemed to me the easiest and most care-free life in the world. Nothing to do but float along, without work and without worry.

And then I got a piece of board and lifted one out on to the dock; and thought: "How helpless you are! You live a care-free life, but you can't get out of the way of trouble." And then when the tide went out, I found them all along the shore, stranded high and dry, no longer beautiful, but a nasty mess, dead and useless. No power to direct their own lives, just the sport of circumstance. And then I began to think that it wasn't such a care-free life after all; and anyway, there is something better than being care-free. Far

better is it to have power to go against the tide, to steer one's own course, to be able to escape danger. You see the Jelly-fish has no bones, no back-bone; it is just a big stomach, an open mouth, a thousand hands to feed itself with, but with no hand to do anything for others.

Did any of you ever see or hear of a boy or girl who was like a Jelly-fish?

THE DAWDLE-BUG

PREACHERS sometimes use other preachers' sermons and say nothing about it. I am going to use some one else's sermon this morning, but I cannot thank him for it for I don't know his name. I found it in a paper, without a text. Who ever heard of a sermon without a text! Well, here it is:

THE DAWDLE-BUG

Did you ever hear of the Dawdle-bug?
 It loves a place that is warm and snug;
 It never flies around, but creeps and crawls,
 And on the sofa or hammock sprawls.
 Listen! You'll hear its lazy hum:
 "In a minute I'll come—in a minute I'll come."

In the morning dressing, there is a tug,
 If the child has been stung by the Dawdle-bug.
 Breakfast-table will have to wait;
 School-bell rings for a boy that's late;
 Unlearned lessons, a dunce-cap tall,
 And no time left for a game of ball.

Now a cure for the sting of the Dawdle-bug,
 Lies neither in medicine, pill, or drug,
 (Some say the oil of birch is good.
 I haven't tried it, and never would.)
 But the poison can't in the system lurk
 Of a boy who is brisk in his play and work.

And if you think there ought to be a text, here is a good one: "Whatsoever ye do, work heartily."

THE BOY WHO NEVER SPOKE TO HIS FATHER

DID you ever hear of The Boy Who Never Spoke to His Father? No? Well, let me tell you about him.

The father provided everything for his boy, a house to live in, clothes to wear, food to eat, toys to play with, everything that heart could wish; but he never once said, "Thank you, Father."

The father was wonderfully kind and loving, strong and good, gentle toward the weak, thoughtful for all, and again and again had shown his tenderness and love to this boy, but never did he say, "Father, I love you."

The Boy was often disobedient and rebellious and brought shame and reproach on his father, but never did he say, "Father, forgive me."

The Father was wise, and always ready to help, to teach, to guide; but never did the Boy say, "Father, show me the way!"

And the Boy had brothers, some of whom did not seem to have as many of the good things of life as he had; but this Boy never seemed to care; at any rate, he never asked his Father to help his brothers.

There never was such a boy? Oh yes, there are many of them, I fear. Every boy who does not pray is The Boy Who Never Spoke to His Father.

"When ye pray, say 'Our Father—'"

LAZYBONES
(An Oldtime Movie)

You wouldn't suppose that they had "movies" back in Old Testament times, would you? They didn't have moving-picture machines, but in the book of Proverbs there is a scenario of a quite wonderful movie of four scenes.

You will find it all in the twentieth, twenty-fourth, and twenty-sixth chapters of the book of Proverbs. How many of you can tell me where the book of Proverbs is? Yes, in the Old Testament. What book is next before it? No, not Job. That's right, the Psalms. And what book follows? Good! Ecclesiastes. Very well, here you have the Movie of Lazybones:

SCENE I. *In Bed.*

The sun is up. The neighbors are all out at work; but there is Lazybones (the wise man calls him Sluggard) sound asleep in bed. His wife calls him: "Come, Lazybones, time to get up!" And in a sleepy drawl he whines: "All right, in a minute; just forty winks more." And "as a door turns on its hinges so does Lazybones turn on his bed."

SCENE II. *At the Breakfast-table.*

He is up at last, but still sleepy. He is almost too lazy to lift the food to his mouth. "He burieth his

hand in the dish; it wearieth him to bring it again to his mouth." I don't believe there are many boys here today quite as lazy as that!

SCENE III. *Plowing.*

It is about ten-thirty in the morning. He should have been out at his plowing and sowing long ago. His neighbors have been at it for hours. The long smooth furrows and the level harrowed fields show fresh brown in the sun. Lazybones drags himself from the table to the window and looks out. It is spring, and though the sun is shining, there is a chill in the air. "Brrrr—" he says. "How cold it is! Too cold to plow. I'll wait a few days till it's warmer." "Lazybones will not plow by reason of the cold," the wise man writes. It is much cozier by the fire at home.

SCENE IV. *Harvesttime.*

The reapers are in the fields. The grain is being bound and stooked. Some are already bringing in loaded carts of golden grain to the threshing-floors. The oxen are tramping out the grain, the women are tossing it into the air so that the wind may blow away the chaff, and there are the fine piles of grain on the ground.

But Lazybones—what of him! He had no pile of golden grain.

"I went by the field of Lazybones . . . and lo, it was all grown over with thorns, the face thereof was covered with nettles . . ."

"Lazybones will not plow by reason of the cold,

therefore when he looks for a harvest there is nothing."

Don't you think you can learn as much from this oldtime movie of Lazybones as you can from Charlie Chaplin or Jackie Coogan?

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

How often we say it on New Year's Day! "A Happy New Year." And how often we have it said to us! It makes us happy to have others wish us to be happy. It makes us happier to wish happiness to others. But January second comes, and no one says "Happy New Year," and we greet no one with a "Happy New Year." Is there any secret, any recipe for making the New Year a happy one all the way through?

There is One who lived on earth many years ago who always had joy in his heart. Even in sorrow and disappointment his happiness was undimmed. And I am sure the secret of it is found in the words that so well describe him, "He went about doing good."

I want you boys and girls to find those words and tell me next Sunday just where they are.

That, then, is the recipe for a Happy New Year: An unselfish heart and a life of helpful service, not only on January first but for the whole year! *A whole year*, what a long time it is! Unselfish and helpful—a whole year!

How many of you could walk from our church to Borough Hall *in one step*? No one, unless he had seven-league boots. How get there then? By taking one step at a time. If you count all your steps, you

will find when you reach there that you have taken about five thousand steps. How many hours are there in a year? No one knows? Well, how many in a day? Yes, twenty-four. And how many days in a year? Three hundred and sixty-five. Now let's do some mental arithmetic. How much is three hundred and sixty-five multiplied by twenty-four? You haven't reached that far in school yet. You can do it on paper of course. Perhaps one of the wizards of finance from Wall Street can do it right off hand. All right, thank you! Eight thousand seven hundred and sixty. Well, you sleep say ten hours out of twenty-four—and no one can be selfish when he is asleep; so we have about five thousand hours—five thousand steps for our journey of Nineteen Twenty-three. Five thousand happy steps for a Happy New Year. You would think most any one could be unselfish and happy for an hour, and then for another hour and so through the day, and then day by day. It is not so hard if we will go with him who always went about doing good. He wants us to walk with him then today on our walk of five thousand steps through the year.

Just a little,
Just a little every day,
That's the way,
Seeds in darkness swell and grow,
Tiny blades push through the snow;
Never any flower of May
Leaps to blossom at a burst;
Slowly, slowly at the first,
That's the way,
Just a little every day.

Lead
Pencil
16-34
12-26-54

THE LEAD-PENCIL'S SERMON

I FOUND in a paper the other day a sermon by a Lead-pencil that I am sure the children will want to hear about.

The Lead-pencil began it by saying: "Hello, Ronald! You and I are alike!"

"We're not. I'm not made of wood."

"No; but I'm made of two parts, wood and lead; and you of soul and body."

Ronald smiled. "Yes," he agreed, "and is the lead the best part of you or the wood?"

"Both are needed if I am to be of any use in the world," returned the Lead-pencil. "The lead is necessary and is the most valuable part of me—much the most valuable; but the wood covering is very useful, too."

Ronald nodded. He was amused, and began to think perhaps he and the Lead-pencil were alike after all.

"What's your work in the world?" he asked, putting down his baseball bat for a moment.

"To make marks. What's yours?"

"Perhaps to make marks, too."

"I make my marks with the most precious part of myself, the inside part—the lead," continued the Lead-pencil. "What do you make your marks with?"

Ronald thought of his batting average, and his hockey score, of the prizes he had won, and at last he shook his head: "I'm not sure," he said; "but," he added, "when you were first bought in the shop you were of no use at all, you couldn't even make a mark."

"That's true," agreed the Lead-pencil. "What could you do when you were a baby? But I've been sharpened since then. Have you?"

Ronald considered. Were his lessons, the rules he had to keep, the games he played, all part of the sharpening? What kind of a mark was he getting ready to make?

"There's one difference between us," said the Lead-pencil, "I'm old; I've made a great many marks in my time. Angry words have been written with me, and kind ones too, I'm glad to say. I'd like to see them all together, they would make the history of my life."

Ronald considered once more. Was he, too, making marks all the time? "Your marks can be rubbed out," he said.

"Yes," returned the Lead-pencil. "Can you rub out the marks you make?"

Ronald did not answer, his eyes were on a name.

"You're three parts," he said, "not two; there's the name of the maker on you in gold letters."

"So there is," agreed the Lead-pencil. "What about you? Do you also bear the name of your Maker?"

THE TALKATIVE TORTOISE

I WANT to tell the boys and girls this morning the story of a talkative tortoise. This is the Hindu fable:

In a pond in the mountain there once lived a Tortoise. Two Wild Geese who came there for food made friends with him, and one day when they had become very well acquainted with him, they said to the Tortoise: "Friend Tortoise, the place where we live, at the Golden Cave, on Mount Beautiful, is a delightful spot. Will you come there with us?"

"But how can I get there?" asked the Tortoise.

"We can take you, if you can only hold your tongue and say nothing to anybody."

"Oh, I can easily do that. Take me with you."

"Very well," said the Wild Geese. And making the Tortoise bite hold of a stick, they themselves took the two ends in their bills and flew up into the air.

Seeing him thus carried along, some villagers called out, "Two wild geese are carrying a tortoise along on a stick!" Whereupon the Tortoise wanted to say: "If my friends choose to carry me, what is that to you?" So just as the swift flight of the Geese had brought him over the king's palace in the great city, he let go the stick he was biting, and falling in the

courtyard of the palace, was split in two. If only he had kept his mouth closed!

And the king and his servants came out of the palace and found him there. And when the king asked the meaning of this, one of the wise men answered, "O King, this Tortoise could not keep from talking." And thus whoever cannot hold his tongue meets with some mishap.

I suppose the boys and girls here today—and I should not be at all surprised if some of those who think they have grown past the boy-and-girl stage—might find a lesson in this Hīndu fable.

And if you want a text for this story turn to the first chapter of the Epistle of James, and you will hear him say, "Let every one be swift to hear, and slow to speak."

I do not know whether any of you have had your tongue get you into trouble or not, but I suspect you have. There are very few of us who do not at some time find that our tongue has led us astray.

When we find the evil thoughts rising up in our minds, or the angry words come up behind our lips, then is the time we must fasten our mouths tight and be sure not to let a single word through.

James said somewhere else in this same epistle that if we are able to bridle our tongue we will be able to master our whole body.

If we can gain the victory over our words and make them always good servants speaking truth and love, we shall find that we have pretty well gained the mastery over ourselves.

One wise man of old learned that the only way this could be done was to ask God to set a watch upon his lips. I am sure that we shall find that that is the only way we can keep our words wholesome and sweet and true.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

AN EXAMPLE FOR BOY SCOUTS

IT is a happy coincidence that we have been asked to pay tribute to Theodore Roosevelt on the Sunday that has been set apart for recognition of the Boy Scout movement. It is beautiful to think that we have growing up in our country an army of boys who, at twelve years of age, that very age when Jesus said to his parents, "Did you not know that I must be about my Father's business?" are solemnly taking the Scout Oath. Here is the oath: "On my honor, I will do my best to do my duty to God and my country, and to obey the Scout law; to help other people at all times; to keep myself physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight." What promise for our national life that we have this host of boys and younger men who are learning to be at home in "God's out-of-doors," who are learning that this earth with its wonders and beauties is God's out-of-doors, who by fidelity to this oath are day by day trying to make the earth one room of the Father's house!

Judged by the Scout Oath and the Scout Law, as well as by his knowledge of the wonders of outdoor life, Theodore Roosevelt was a true Scout.

If I had a blackboard here I would write an acrostic on the letters of the word Scout. I will have to ask

that each one of you shall make of your mind a black-board on which I will write the words that describe the Scout ideals and the character of the great man whom we delight to honor today. Here are the letters: S-C-O-U-T. There are so many words beginning with the letter S that describe Mr. Roosevelt's character that you will have to take your choice—or use them all.

He was *strong*. He was not strong physically when he was a boy. He had a frail body, and his friends feared he would not grow to manhood. But he was so strong in spirit that he set about to develop a strong body. He simply would not be a weakling. He succeeded so well that few men were able to endure physical strain as he did.

Then we can't think of Roosevelt without the word *Strenuous* coming to our minds. He was the apostle of the strenuous life. Just before he died, he said that when he was twenty-one he determined that he would live his life up to the hilt till he was sixty, and that he had kept his promise. What an amazing man he was! What a prodigious worker! Few men have accomplished so many worth-while things in a lifetime as he did in that all too brief span of years. John Morley, the great English statesman, was in this country a number of years ago. He said that he had seen the two most remarkable things in America, Niagara Falls and Theodore Roosevelt.

But he was also *simple*. His life was regulated by a single standard of loyalty to true ideals—such as those of the Scout oath. Many men have one standard of morals for home life, another for business, and per-

haps another for politics. Mr. Roosevelt applied to all life's relations his single standard of moral principle. But if we have to choose one word with S, I think I should choose STEDFAST as one of the great life principles of this great man. It is not often that a man of such boundless energy, of such overflowing enthusiasm, holds on steadily to his task. Theodore Roosevelt was a great success because he had a sort of bull-dog tenacity. There is a story told of his boyhood, whether true or not, I cannot say. It is, at any rate, true to his character. He was reciting the poem, "Marco Bozzaris":

At midnight in his guarded tent,
The Turk lay dreaming of the hour
When Greece her knee——

and there Theodore stuck. He couldn't remember the next word. He drew a long breath and started again:

At midnight in his guarded tent,
The Turk lay dreaming of the hour
When Greece her knee——

and again he stuck. He stammered a little and then taking a fresh grip started again, only to come up solid—"When Greece her knee,"—— The teacher smiled and said: "Grease her knees again, Theodore. Perhaps she will go this time." So, setting his jaw and clenching his fists, he started again and went on through,

When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power.

That is Theodore Roosevelt's message to the boy of today: Hold fast your ideals. Stick to your job. Endure hardness as a good soldier.

For C let us choose COURAGEOUS. "His chief characteristic was courage," one writer declares; and another speaks of his "moral force and dauntlessness." In picturing life as a football game, Roosevelt said, "You must play fair, but there must be no shirking, and you must hit the line hard." I have read many tributes to Mr. Roosevelt lately, and every one speaks of his dauntless courage. It was not mere physical courage and fearlessness, but the moral force that refuses to be stopped by obstacles. No one can read the record of his fight against corrupt politics as Assemblyman, as Police Commissioner, as head of the Civil Service Commission, as Governor, as Vice-president, and as President without seeing at every turn evidence of a courageous spirit.

Mr. Julian Street, in *Colliers*, tells of those Saturday tramps Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt and the children used to take. On every one of these tramps he led them in some hard stunt, such as climbing an almost impossible hill, or crossing a wide stream, or going through a deep ravine filled with tangled undergrowth. And the motto for these tramps was the motto he set for their lives: That it is part of good manhood and womanhood, squarely to meet and surmount every obstacle, going through or over, but never around. Theodore Roosevelt was a true Scout because he was courageous.

For the next letter, O, you might choose if you wished, *Obedient*. Mr. Cunningham who led Mr.

Roosevelt's party on his African hunt, tells that, however Mr. Roosevelt might disagree with him, he was always under the orders of his guide and never disobeyed instructions. No man can be a real leader of others who has not himself learned to obey.

But I think I shall take OUT-AND-OUT for this letter. Next to his courage, Mr. Roosevelt's honesty, frankness, out-and-outness, call it what you will, was his characteristic quality. No one ever had to ask a second time where he stood on any question. President Eliot, hearing him speak at Harvard one day, said: "What a man he is! Genius, force, and such evident honesty." And another says of him, "The people of America believe him to be honest, fearless, straightforward."

Some of you will remember Major Fiala's story—our own Anthony Fiala—of an experience Mr. Roosevelt had on his South American trip. Mr. Fiala was with him on that trip. In one of the cities the Roman Catholic archbishop had invited Mr. Roosevelt to an informal function, afternoon-tea, or something of the kind, and he accepted. In this city there is a Protestant college. The president of this college came to Mr. Fiala and asked him if he thought Mr. Roosevelt would be willing to speak to the students. Mr. Fiala advised him to ask Mr. Roosevelt, saying that he thought he would do it. Mr. Roosevelt said he would be delighted to talk to the students. Word of his acceptance got to the archbishop, and the next day his secretary called on Mr. Roosevelt and in a very polite way suggested that since he had accepted an invitation to the affair with the archbishop it would be very much

out of place for him to speak at the Protestant school. Mr. Roosevelt snapped his teeth at the secretary and said with vigor: "I like a good Catholic and I like a good Protestant, but I hate a bigot! You are a bigot, sir! There is the door!" Not a very comfortable man to get along with if your errand is like this secretary's, but after all we can get on better with the out-and-out man than with the man who follows the sinuous path, the meaning of whose words we are never quite sure about. Some one has said that the church is made up of three kinds of people, the down-and-outs, the in-and-outs, and the out-and-outs. This is true of society at large. We always have to carry the down-and-outs. We can never be sure of the in-and-outs. It is the out-and-outs we must depend on for real progress in any worth-while cause.

For the letter U I choose the word UNSELFISH. There are many who have thought that Mr. Roosevelt, if not selfish in material things, at least liked to be in the limelight, sought popular applause and was unhappy if he was not in one of the seats of the mighty. But I am convinced that the better we come to know him, the more clearly we see that all this was because of his intense desire to be of service; that he had no ambition for himself but to be of use. Major Putnam writes of him, "He held that every man owed it to himself, to his country and to his Maker, to use the powers given him for the good of his fellow man." And that his whole life was an example of this ideal is the testimony of all who knew him best. If he had been willing to pay the price, he might have had great wealth. He chose rather to be true to his ideal of

using all his splendid powers for the service of humanity. So he was a true Scout because he was unselfish.

And for the last word let us take TRUSTWORTHY. Roosevelt was a man who could be depended on. I know there are those who question this. They will tell you that he betrayed his party. And perhaps he did. But if so, he betrayed his party because his party betrayed its sacred trust to the people and the country. The Republican party had made an unholy alliance with Big Business.

And because Theodore Roosevelt believed in country before party, he organized a revolt that has brought the party to its senses.

To him more than any other man the credit should be given for breaking up the crooked alliance of Big Business with Politics. And some one has said, "He has changed politics from a trade into a profession." He succeeded in enlisting in politics as public service a group of the finest and strongest young men in the country. One must search long in his record to find an example of Theodore Roosevelt's being untrue to his conscience or to his country. He was a true Scout because he was trustworthy.

Here then we have the acrostic. Theodore Roosevelt was a true Scout and a noble example for Boy Scouts everywhere because he was :

Stedfast
Courageous
Out-and-out
Unselfish
Trustworthy

All these fine qualities that show Roosevelt to be so great a man and so true a Scout grew strong in him because, as the text suggests, he was "A good soldier of Jesus Christ." A good Scout is loyal to his God. Theodore Roosevelt was a man of God. He found in religion lofty visions of high endeavor, inspiration for great service, and strength for great conflicts. He has fought a good fight. He has finished his course. He has kept the faith.

As we think of him there rise to our minds those great lines that I hope the boys in school still learn to recite :

Who never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor paltered with Eternal God for power.

* * *

Whose life was work, whose language rife
With maxims hewn from life.

* * *

Yea, let all good things await
Him who cares not to be great,
But as he saves and serves the state.

* * *

For though the giant ages heave the hill,
And break the shore, and evermore
Make and break and work their will

* * *

What know we greater than the soul?
On God and Godlike men we build our trust.

TO EACH ONE HIS WORK

THE text this morning is, "To each one his work," and the sermon is by a poet named John Oxenham. It is copied from "Queen Mary's Gift Book."

WHAT CAN A LITTLE CHAP DO?

What can a little chap do
 For his country and for you?
 What can a little chap do?
 He can play a straight game all through;
 That's one good thing he can do.
 He can fight like a knight
 For the truth and the right;
 That's another good thing he can do.
 He can shun all that's mean,
 He can keep himself clean,
 Both without and within;
 That's a very fine thing he can do.
 His soul he can brace
 Against everything base,
 And the trace will be seen
 All his life on his face;
 That's an excellent thing he can do.
 He can look to the light,
 He can keep his thought white,
 He can fight the great fight,
 He can do with his might,
 What is good in God's sight;
 Those are truly great things he can do.

Though his years be but few,
If he keeps himself true
He can march in the queue
Of the good and the great,
Who battled with fate
And won through;
 That's a wonderful thing he can do.
And in each little thing
He can follow the King—
Yes, in each smallest thing
He can follow the King—
 He can follow the Christ, the King.

GROWING A NAME

I WONDER if any of the boys and girls here today ever grew a name.

I suppose that you can all write your name, and you can all speak your name, but do you suppose you could grow one?

Well, there was a little boy whose mother asked him if he would not like to grow his name, and of course, he was very puzzled about it.

"I never saw a name grow," he said.

So his mother took him out into the garden where there was a nice large bed of rich earth and gave him a pointed stick and told him to write his name in this bed. Then she told him to take some mignonette seed and sow it in the letters he had made.

"Now," she said, "in a few weeks you will see your name growing in the garden."

He went away the next day to visit some friends, and when he came home again two or three weeks afterward, he went out into the garden, and there he found his name in bright green letters.

Now you see that is one way to do it.

I remember when I was a small boy we used to cut out the initials of our name and paste them on the side of a half-grown apple on the tree, and then when the apple began to ripen, we would take off the paper

letters and find our initials in bright green on the apple.

That, you see, is another way.

There was a great warrior once whose name was "William the Silent." He grew his name by being wise enough to hold his tongue when he needed to.

And then you remember how Jacob grew his new name. Jacob was a very crafty, tricky boy, but he was afterward called Israel, which means a prince, and the name was given to him because he had grown to be princelike.

And Peter, you remember, grew his name. The Saviour gave him that name because he was to become rocklike in his character, and he grew to fit the name.

There is a place in the New Testament where our Lord promises, "I will give you mine own name." He wants us all to grow that name so that as the world looks upon us they will see that we are like him.

Let us pray that we may be worthy of the name he gives.

Hand ch 34
Nov 4, 22 3rd ch 10-31-48
1-12-58

ONLY A BOTTLE OF INK

WHAT do you suppose I have in this little paper bag? Only a bottle of ink. I want it to preach to the boys and girls today. Listen to it?

I am only a little Bottle of Ink. I was on a shelf in a little store on DeKalb Avenue with a lot of my brothers and sisters. Every day boys and girls came in and took away my brothers and sisters, and I wondered when my turn would come. Then last night a big man came in and said to the clerk, "I want one of those five-cent bottles of ink," and I wondered if this would be my turn.

The clerk came over and took me down from the shelf and handed me over. "Five cents," he said. I wondered what a big man like that would want of me. And just then as he put me in his pocket, he said, "I want you to come over to the Emmanuel Baptist Church and preach to my boys and girls tomorrow morning," so here I am and, though little, I will do the best I can.

I am only a little Bottle of Ink, and I cost only five cents, but I can do wonderful things. I can make all kinds of trouble. I can make great black blotches on the carpets, and on the floor. If I am not treated well I can ruin beautiful clothes. I can make black spots

on the fingers of careless boys and girls. I can make people very unhappy. A cousin of mine broke off a friendship between two men, and they hated one another ever after. The same bottle drove love out of a whole family and broke up their home. I know another friend of this cousin who found out a murderer and helped to bring him to punishment.

But I know other ink-bottles that have made people very happy. They have carried loving wishes from friend to friend. They have told lonely mothers that their boys and girls far away still loved them. They have carried messages of love to sick people in hospitals and to sorrowing and broken-hearted people everywhere. I know one that carried strong courageous thoughts away across the seas, and one day it carried a message to a very wicked man and told him how to find a Saviour and a Friend.

You see I never do anything by myself. I always do as my master wants me to do. Some of these I have been telling you about were very thoughtless and careless or wicked masters and the Ink-bottle had to do as it was told. I hope my master will always let me carry loving and pure thoughts; that he will send me to discouraged and lonely people with a message of cheer: that he will let me tell some one living a sinful life how to escape from sin; that I may be able to show men the Beautiful Way of Life.

Now, boys and girls, have you an Ink-bottle servant? He will always do what you tell him to. What kind of a master will you be? What kind of thoughts will you let him carry to others for you?

And then I wonder if you are as obedient to your

Master as the Ink-bottle is to you? Do you always do what he wants you to? He wants always and only to save and help people, and he wants you and me to carry his loving thoughts to others. Let us learn the lesson of the faithful Bottle of Ink, who never disobeys but always does its master's will.

Recom Sept 4. 1927
Spent Ch. 57
Mich. 17. 57

A DISCONTENTED MAN

I WANT to tell you this morning a story of a discontented man. This is a Japanese story and is translated for us by one of the missionaries in Japan, Mrs. Luke Bickel.

Once there was a Man who quarried stones out of the mountain. His work was hard, he labored long, his wages were small, and contented he was not. He sighed over his hard lot, and cried out :

“ Oh, that I were rich, and could rest upon a couch with curtains of red silk ! ”

An angel came from heaven and said, “ As thou hast wished, so it shall be. ”

And he was rich and rested upon a couch with curtains of red silk.

The King of the country traveled and passed by where the man lay, and he saw the King had an escort of soldiers, some riding before his chariot and others following, and the servants held a golden parasol over the King's head.

Then the Man was not contented, and sighed and cried out, “ Oh, that I were a King ! ”

And an angel came from heaven and said, “ As you have wished, so shall it be. ”

And he was a King. And before his chariot rode

horsemen in gay apparel, and others followed after him, and servants held a parasol over his head to shield him from the sun.

But the Sun sent forth its fierce rays so that the earth was parched, and the grass withered, and the King was faint from the heat, and contented he was not, but sighed and cried out, "Would that I were the Sun!"

And an angel from heaven came and said, "As thou hast wished, so shall it be."

And he was the Sun. And he sent forth his rays to the right and to the left; the flowers withered, the grass dried, the earth mourned, and the princes were prostrated by the great heat.

But a fleecy Cloud swept between the sun and the earth and lent its shower to revive the earth and everything upon it. And the Sun had no power to overcome the Cloud.

And the Sun was angry and said, "This Cloud is more powerful than I." And he was not contented, but cried, "Oh, that I were the Cloud."

And an angel came from heaven and said, "As thou hast wished, so shall it be."

And he was the Cloud and swept between the Sun and the earth and caught up the Sun's rays, so that the earth was refreshed. The grass became green and the flowers bright.

But the Cloud continued to pour down its rain until the rivers were swollen and overflowed their banks, carrying away flocks and herds and the habitations of men; and the torrents rushed against a Mountain, but it remained firm and the water could not move it.

Then the Cloud was angry and cried: "This Mountain is stronger than I. Would that I were the Mountain!"

And an angel came from heaven and said, "As thou hast desired, so shall it be."

And he was the Mountain, and he moved not when the Sun shone, and stood firm when the floods beat.

And a Man came with a pick and a sharp chisel and a heavy hammer and quarried stones out of the Mountain. And the Mountain cried out: "What is this? This Man is stronger than I. Would that I were this Man who is so strong."

And the angel came from heaven and said, "As thou hast wished, so shall it be."

And he was a Man and quarried stones out of the Mountain. His work was hard, and he labored long, and his wages were small.

And he was contented.

THE BOY-TRAP

I Timothy 6 : 10

I READ somewhere some time ago about a little boy whose loud cries brought his mother running to him. She found him in the parlor with his hand stuck fast in the narrow neck of a vase. The vase was large at the bottom but too close a fit at the neck, and he was tugging and pulling and had his hand stuck fast. The harder he pulled, the tighter it was. Father was called, and they all pulled and worked. But it was no use. The hand wouldn't come out. They thought they would have to break the vase. They didn't want to do that, for it was very costly, so the father said, "Push your hand down in again, Jack." He did so, and then they tried to pull it out, but still it stuck. Then the father noticed that Jack had his hand doubled up, so he said, "Open your hand, Jack, and it will come out." "I can't do that," Jack wailed; "if I do, I'll lose my penny."

You see, he had dropped his penny in the vase and pushed his hand in easily enough. Then he tried to pull it out with his hand doubled about the penny, and that was where the trouble began.

That reminds me of what I read several years ago of how the natives of Africa catch monkeys. They take a coconut and make a hole in the side just large

enough for a monkey to get its hand in. Then they dig out most of the meat, leaving only a few pieces. The monkey slips its hand in and grasps a piece of nut meat, and then cannot draw its hand out, and it won't let go the meat. Very silly boy!! Very silly monkey!! But did you never know of the devil catching boys through greed? And be sure of this, that no boy or man can ever be kept captive who holds his money with an open hand.

WHINEYBOY AND SMILEYBOY

SOME time ago I gave you a little poetry sermon, borrowed from a preacher whose name I did not know. Here is another just as good. I want you to find a text for it and tell me about it.

Little Mr. Whineyboy came to town one day,
 Riding on a Growleygrump, screaming all the way,
 Howleyberries in his hat, Screecher-leaves a-top of that.
 Around his neck a ring of squeals,
 Whineywhiners on his heels.
 What do you think! That dreadful day
 Everybody ran away!

Little Mr. Smileyboy came to town one day,
 Riding on a Grinnergriff, laughing all the way;
 Chuckleberries in his hat, Jollyleaves a-top of that,
 Around his neck a ring of smiles,
 All the very latest styles.
 What do you think! That happy day
 Not a body ran away!

* * *

Which do you like best?
 Which one are you?

Peckinpah
July 18. 1926

26

THE ERROR THAT LOST THE GAME

I WONDER how many boys here this morning are baseball fans? If you are not, perhaps your fathers are, or your big brothers. I am sure you heard them talking about the error Roger Peckinpah made in the first innings of the game yesterday, and that that single error cost the team the game. Pretty tough, wasn't it? Of course he was sorry, but he didn't worry much over it. The fans groaned a bit, but they thought, "The game is young yet." I am sure he said to himself, "Eight innings more." The captain no doubt said, "Too bad, old boy, but don't worry, the rest of the team will make up for it."

But nothing seemed to make up for it. Being sorry couldn't recall that error. Playing perfect ball the other eight innings couldn't make up for it. The finest team-work of the rest of the team couldn't right that error.

When I read that account of Roger's error it helped me understand a verse that has always troubled me. "For he that obeys the whole law and makes only a single slip, is guilty of everything."

Only one small nut in the steering-gear of an automobile missing. Everything else in place. Yet the car went over the bank.

It is a great game of life we are all playing together.

Each one is needed at his best the whole game through. Everything we do, everything we say, matters. No slip, no error, is unimportant. If each of us were alone, an error would be serious. But where we are all playing the game together, my error may "lose the game" for the rest. "For no (one) lives to himself."

So let us all play the game, and play our best all the time and all the way through.

*Received
1-24-26
Theresa Ch. - 33
May 7.
27*

CRAWLING OR CLIMBING

A LESSON FROM A BEAN-STALK

You all know the story of Jack and the Bean-stalk. I want to tell you about another bean-stalk. Jack's bean-stalk, you remember, grew very fast and climbed very high. The one I want to tell you about didn't know it was supposed to climb, or if it knew, it had nothing to climb on, so the best it could do was to crawl. Then one day the gardener took pity on it and drove a pole into the ground and twined the vine about it, but it had been crawling so long that it didn't know how to climb.

Every boy and girl was meant to climb and not to crawl. You crawl when you lie or steal or swear or make your body foul or are selfish and proud. You climb when you stand firm in temptation, are true in word and brave in deed.

You crawl when you forget your heavenly Father. You climb when your soul reaches out to him as the little baby reaches out to its mother.

There are thousands who do not know how to climb. There is no one to tell them and no one to help them.

The home is the place where boys and girls should learn the first lessons in climbing. The church and the Sunday school are in the world for this very purpose.

Just as in the garden we drive poles for the beans to climb on, so in the home and the church and the Sunday school, parents and brothers and sisters and pastor and teachers are there to help you climb. It is sad when one who has started to climb turns into a crawler. That happens some times. How fine it is to see one who has been crawling, begin to climb, higher and higher, into the sunlight!

Which will you be, a climber or a crawler?

GOD'S GARDEN

I

I Corinthians 3 : 9

THERE is a strange idea in the children's text this morning: "Ye are God's husbandry." "Well," I fancy I hear some of you saying to yourselves, "what in the world does that mean?" Peter said one time that "our beloved Brother Paul" had written some things "hard to be understood." Perhaps you think this is one of them. But the trouble is not with Paul, but with the man who tried to translate his words. What he really meant to say and did say was, "Ye are God's Garden." And he was writing to a church in the great, wicked city of Corinth.

That church was God's Garden planted in the middle of a great wilderness. Have you ever come across a garden like that? We used to see them in the mountains, last summer. From a high peak we could see great rugged peaks and lower mountains and rocky hillsides. But here and there, a beautiful spot of green would show—some rancher's garden. Sometimes in driving or walking through the narrow mountain passes we would come upon one of these gardens. It was all the more beautiful because of the wilderness all about.

So a church is to be a garden in the world, and the people are the plants. The plants are not all alike, of course. In every good garden there are a great many kinds of plants. There are vegetables and fruits and flowers and herbs; some beautiful and some not so beautiful, but all useful, and therefore beautiful, because they are where they were planted and are fulfilling the purpose of the gardener. I am just thinking of my own garden and what a joy it was, and in some ways a sorrow. I think of the crocus and the tulips and daffodils that start so early in the spring, and then of the pansies and the violets, and then later on the roses and the lilies, the golden-glows and the sun-flowers, the hollyhocks, the nasturtiums and the sweet peas, and then the gladioli, and latest of all the cosmos, fighting with old Jack Frost through many bitter nights.

And then there were all the vegetables—the lettuce, and beets, and carrots, and chard, and tomatoes, and a score of other things.

Not one of all these things lives for itself. They all live and grow that they may please and help the gardener.

But in that same garden are the weeds, and how they do grow! But do you know that a weed is only a plant out of place, and so it becomes useless and a hinderer. Dandelions are all right in their place, but they are not in their place when they grow in the front lawn. Four-o'clocks are very beautiful in their rows, but they are weeds among beets; morning-glories are morning-glories on their trellis or poles, but they are weeds among the bachelor-buttons and mignonette.

Sunflowers are fine and cheery along by the fence, but they play the mischief with the beans.

So you see there are a good many things for us to think about when we remember that Emmanuel Church is God's Garden. He has planted it. He has called some of us to be his fellow-workers in caring for it, but the thing for you to ask is, Am I growing my very best—am I answering all the care and thought and toil of the Gardener by the richest and fullest growth? Or am I giving him a poor and spindling growth? Am I bearing fruit or flowers, or only stalks and leaves? Or am I a weed out of my place, hindering others and injuring the garden? Shall we not all say today, "I will do the very best I know how to be in my place a fruitful or blooming plant, growing richly every day, and all to show my gratitude for being planted here in this beautiful garden, and to help to make it the most beautiful and useful of all the great Master's Gardens"?

GOD'S GARDEN

II

LAST Sunday morning I talked about the church as the garden of God, but I like to think of each one of us as a garden planted and kept by Christ, the great Gardener.

You will find over in the book of Isaiah a beautiful description of a man being as a hiding-place from the wind, a covert from the tempest. You have read in the geography about an oasis in the desert, and you remember that last Sunday I spoke about some of these gardens in the mountain, all the more beautiful and restful because of the barrenness and desolation all around.

Just so we often see people as we go through life who are to us like that beautiful garden in the desert. There are days when everything seems dreary, and we grow more and more depressed and discouraged; then we meet some one with sunshine in his face and gladness in his heart who makes us feel that it is good to live and sends us on our way with a song in our hearts.

God scatters his good seed everywhere. Sometimes the soil is full of briars and thistles, and though the good seed may spring up, yet the briars and thistles spring up first and choke the good seed. Sometimes the soil is very shallow, and the seed springs up and

grows for a little while, but when the burning sun comes, because there is no depth of earth they wither away.

I wonder if any of you can find the parable that our Saviour spoke once about these different kinds of soil.

How about the soil in your heart? Do you find the seeds of love growing there? And have you a corner of that garden where seeds of truth grow strong and beautiful? And have you another little garden spot where seeds of cheer and bravery flourish? And I wonder how many of you are troubled with weeds in the garden! Weeds of disobedience, and ill temper, and selfishness, and greed, and dishonor?

I know a boy in whose heart seeds of helpfulness do not seem to grow well. He does not seem to be happy unless some one is doing something for him, but it makes him unhappy to have to do anything for any one else. The weeds are growing so tall in his garden that I am afraid that unless he very soon gets them pulled out, that garden will never be a joy to the Gardener's heart.

I know another boy who is never so happy as when he is doing something to help somebody else. He keeps the weeds well cut down every day. He does not wait until they grow tall and rank, and you can see the plants that please the Gardener growing tall and strong and beautiful in his life.

You can see while the Gardener plants his seeds and watches over them and waters them, he wants us to help him in taking care of the weeds. What kind of a garden are you for the King? Do you think it makes him happy to watch your life?

Handwritten:
Taconah
Mar 7 - 1926
Spring
Ch. 16
75

30

GOD'S HOUSE

I Corinthians 3 : 9

I HAVE talked for two Sundays about God's gardens. Today I want to speak about God's house. And I am not thinking of this building that we love and like to worship in, but of another more costly house, and far more wonderful. Paul tells about it to the same people he was talking to about gardens. He said, "Ye are God's garden, God's house." Somewhere else he says, "Ye are the temple of God, and the Spirit of God dwelleth in you." The temple is a place to worship in, a house, a place to live in.

It is wonderful to think of our hearts as temples where God meets us and we worship him, but it seems almost more wonderful to think that I am a house in which God lives. You know that when Jesus was on earth he had no house that he could call his own. He was dependent on others all the time. He didn't have even a borrowed house to be born in, just an open-air stable. When he wanted to give a supper to his disciples, he had to borrow a room from a friend. And when he died, his body was laid away in a borrowed tomb.

But now he is not dependent on a body that can be in only one place at a time. He has made us to be homes for him. What kind of a house do you think

such a one as Jesus should live in? A great, gorgeous palace? No, he doesn't care very much about the size or the grandeur of it, but he wants it to be clean and the windows bright and the rooms sunny, and he wants the fire of love burning on the hearth. And he wants to know that he is always welcome.

I wonder how many of you have heard the expression, "The latch-string will always be out for you." I suppose that not very many of even the older ones have seen a latch-string. In the days of our forefathers when they lived in log houses they did not have door locks and knobs as we have them now, but just a large wooden hasp fastening the door on the inside. From this a leather thong or string ran through a hole in the door and hung down on the outside. At night when they wanted to lock the door, if they ever did, they would simply pull the string in, but to people whom they knew they would say, "You will always find the latch-string out for you." They did not even need to knock but just pull the latch-string and open the door and come in. It is that kind of a welcome Jesus ought to have. Let us be sure that the latch-string is always out for him.

There was one home where Jesus was always welcome when he was on earth, the home of Mary and Martha and Lazarus, and we read, "Now Jesus loved Mary and Martha and Lazarus." He was there when they feasted, and he was there when they were in sorrow. He dropped in at any time, and they made him feel at home. They never had any guests there that would make him feel out of place.

What kind of a house are you for Jesus? He made

you as a house for himself. But he cannot come in unless you want him. And he cannot come unless you are ready to turn away any other guests that cannot get along with him. Anger, pride, selfishness, greed, impurity—he cannot stay if you want them to stay. But if you want him above all others, just open the door and ask him in, and he will help you drive out the others. He will not need even to drive them out. They slink away when he comes. And he will help you keep the house pure, and bright, and wholesome. Let us mean it when we sing now,

O come to my heart, Lord Jesus,
There is room in my heart for Thee.

BUILDING

Hebrews 8 : 5

I AM sure that our boys and girls have been interested in what has been going on at the corner of Clinton Avenue and Lafayette. Do you remember what building used to be there? The Clinton Avenue Congregational Church.

Last spring men began to tear down that old church. They took out the windows. Then off came the roof, bit by bit; and then with a great clatter, and showers of dust and bricks, they tore down the walls. But long before the towers came down, a steam-shovel was at work in the old cellar, and horses and carts were busy hauling away rubbish and dirt. Then in a short time appeared loads of lime and sand, and piles of brick, and great steel girders and beams; great truck-loads of lumber, and loads and loads of stone. What a sight that corner was for months! But now the sand and lime, the steel girders, and beams, brick and stone, the piles of lumber, are all gone; and a beautiful new stone church stands there, nearly finished.

How did it all happen? An architect had in his mind a picture of a church on that corner, so he put it on paper. He drew a plan that showed where everything was to go, and the builders followed it.

Perhaps you noticed a number on each of the stones and on the steel girders and beams, and each one was fitted into its place. What do you suppose would have happened if some one, in the night, had changed the plans, when the architect had not been there to see, and the builders had followed the changed plans? Something very different from that lovely church would be there now!

Somewhere in the New Testament, I will make it a little easier than that, in one of Paul's epistles—I want you to look it up when you go home—it is said, "Know ye not that your body is a temple?" A temple, you know, is a kind of church.

Did you ever stop to think about the building of that temple, your body? Loads and loads of building material are brought every day, three times a day. In through the gate they go! And some of it goes to make bone, and some hair, and some finger-nails, and some builds up the brain; and every part of the body is built up, and the whole body grows day by day. How does it happen? It doesn't *happen*. There is an Architect and a plan, and the little silent builders follow the plan.

Sometimes an enemy changes the plans, or an accident happens and the plans have to be changed, and instead of a strong, beautiful body, you see a weak or dwarfed or diseased body.

But the body is only the house. There is a boy or girl that lives in the house. That boy, the real boy, grows just as the body grows. There are wonderful, silent, but busy builders at work all the time, building the boy's real self. We sometimes call it character,

sometimes soul or spirit. But it is the real boy. The boy that loves, and thinks, and decides.

Do you remember what was said about the boy Jesus, after his parents found him in the temple? "He went down with them, and was subject to them, and he grew in wisdom and in stature, and in favor with God and men." Day by day the little body-builders did their work, and day by day the busy character builders worked and while his body grew, he—his inner self—grew stronger and more beautiful.

Now there is an Architect and a plan for this character, this real self. Right here let me give you the text: "See that ye do all things according to the pattern," that is, according to the plan. God is the Great Architect of the Soul; and Jesus is the perfect pattern, and if only we will trust our lives to him, he will direct the builders, so that we, too, will grow in wisdom and in stature, and in favor with God and men.

But there is another architect who tries very hard to change the plans and to spoil God's pattern in us. Nothing makes him so happy as to see boys and girls grow selfish and unkind and wicked. We need to be on the watch that the plans are not changed, and we need to keep our minds and our hearts set on Jesus. Then as a wise man wrote, we "shall be transformed into the same image from glory to glory."

Thinking of him, loving him, every day let us say to the silent spirit builders:

Build it well whate'er you do;
Build it straight and strong and true,
Build it high and deep and broad;
Build it for the eye of God.

THE THIEF OF TIME

I FOUND a little poem the other day that I think the boys and girls will be interested in. It is called "The Thief of Time."

"Tomorrow I'll do it," says Bennie;
 "I will, by and by," says Seth;
 "Not now—pretty soon," says Jennie;
 "In a minute," says little Beth.
 O dear little people, remember
 That true as the stars in the sky,
 The little streets of Tomorrow,
 Pretty Soon, and By and By,
 Lead one and all
 As straight, they say,
 As the King's Highway
 To the city of Not at All.

That reminds me of the word the Mexicans use a great deal. If you want them to do anything that is a little hard they will always say, *Mañana*. You hear that word almost more than any other. I suppose that even the little boys and girls very early learn to say, *Mañana*. I wonder if you know what it means. Well, it means "tomorrow."

This reminds me very much of a story I read a little while ago of a Chinese laundryman in Oakland, Calif. His name was Charlie Lee. He had a watch that kept

losing time, so he took it one day to the nearest watchmaker.

"Watchee no good to Charlie Lee," he said as he handed it to the watchmaker, "you fixee it, hey?"

"Yes, I can fix it," said the watchmaker. "What seems to be the trouble with it?"

"He is too muchee by and by," said Charlie.

I think we have a very much better motto than that. A great many business men put it up over their desks, and I think it would be a very good thing for all of us to write it on our hearts: "Do it now."

Did you ever stop to think that tomorrow never comes? And if we keep saying "Tomorrow" when there are duties to be done, the duties will never be done. Everything we ought to do, every service we ought to render, let us do it at once and leave for tomorrow the duties that will come to us then.

You remember the words of one of the oldest writers, "Today, if ye will hear his voice." Let that be our text and our motto for every day.

THE STINGY COW

I DON'T believe there is a boy or girl here today that ever saw a stingy cow! I wonder now, if there is one. You were all brought up in the city, I suppose. How many of you ever saw any one milk a cow? I see some of you have been in the country. I used to milk a good many cows when I was a boy. I don't believe there was a farmer around the country that had a black cow that gave blue milk and made you work for that till your wrists ached so that you thought they would break off, that he didn't trade it off on my father!

I remember one cow we had; she wasn't a black cow, either, and she didn't give blue milk. She was red and white and gave fine rich milk when she was willing to give any, but she wouldn't "give down her milk"—that's the way we used to say it. I don't imagine you ever heard of a cow acting that way. You might think that all you had to do was to sit down and pull away, and the milk would come, and she couldn't help herself. But, no sir! She just wouldn't let you have it. Of course we would get some but not all she had. We tried all sorts of things, put heavy weights on her back, tied heavy chains around her body, and I think put strings around her ears, but nothing seemed to help much—and what do you suppose happened? It wasn't very long before she began to have less and less milk

to give. When other cows would give you a pailful, she would give a few quarts, and then two quarts, and then one quart, and before very long she went dry altogether. She would not give freely what she had to give, and very soon she hadn't much to give, and then nothing at all.

I don't remember what we called that cow, but I think "Sapphira" would have been a good name for her.

You remember that Sapphira kept back part of what she was supposed to give and had ready to give.

I wonder if this story will help you to remember some wonderful words of Jesus: "He that would save his life loseth it. But he that loseth his life [that is, spends his life in loving service] for my sake, the same shall find it."

WHAT THE WAVES SAID

I WAS lying in the hammock one Sunday afternoon in Maine, last summer. It was a still, beautiful day. The lake was like a mirror; there was hardly a sound to be heard, when suddenly I heard the sound of waves beating on the shore; very gently at first, then louder and louder, and then softer and softer, till all was still once more. There was no wind, no boat was in sight. But I knew what had happened. Half an hour before a launch had gone down the lake, too far away to be heard. Its wake had spread wider and wider, going on and on across the glassy surface of the lake, till here it was, beating against the shore.

Many of us are better or worse today because some one lived years ago. Men lived and worked and talked, and today we feel their influence. "The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones," the poet wrote, but it is only half true. The good lasts as well as the evil.

Whatever we do, and all that we are lives on, year by year. Years from now other boys and girls will be hearing the wave-beats of your life, lived today.

The way Abraham Lincoln endured hardships, made the best of things, used every opportunity to study and to fit himself for life's struggle, influences the boys of today. There are hundreds of others who never be-

came great, who yet lived nobly, so that others near them were helped to live nobly; and they influenced still others; and so it goes on through the years.

Mr. Howard Arnold Waters has written a hymn, one verse of which I quote. It shows how we should feel about our influence:

I would be true, for there are those who trust me;
 I would be pure, for there are those who care;
 I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;
 I would be brave, for there is much to dare!

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KILLING THE DRAGON

I HAVE for the children this morning a story of a little boy of four. I suppose that some of you grown-up boys of twelve and thirteen will turn up your noses at this and think that you could not possibly learn anything from a chap of four years. But I think that if you will listen you will see that even this little boy has something that will be helpful to you.

Little John's mother had been reading to him the story of St. George and the Dragon. I do not know how many of you have ever heard that story, so perhaps I had better tell it to you.

The city of Selene in Lydia was ravaged by a dragon which had its lair in a near-by marsh. Its poisonous breath brought pestilence to the city. To keep it farther away they made it a daily offering of two sheep, and for a time all went well. But by and by the last sheep was gone, and the dragon's breath was fast spreading disease and death. It was decided that a young girl must be given each day, and every day the lot was cast. At last the lot fell on Cleodelinda, the daughter of the King. There was a great anguish in the palace and efforts to beg off on the part of the King, but the people were resolute. So, arrayed as for her wedding, the Princess went out toward the marsh, to her fate. On her way she was met by St.

George of Cappadocia, a tribune of the Roman Army, who asked why she wept. She told him. Then the dragon was seen coming up from the marsh and St. George, turning his horse, charged again and again, and at last transfixed the hideous monster, took the girl's girdle and bound it around its neck, and led it toward the city. The dragon "followed him as it had been a meek beast and debonair." He cut off its head in the marketplace.

The next morning John said to his father, "Father, I should like to be a saint."

"Very well, John," said his father, "you can be a saint if you want to, but you will find it very hard work."

"I don't mind," said John, "if it is hard. I want to be a saint and fight a dragon. I am sure I could kill one."

"Very well, John, you can if you want to," said the father again.

"But when can I be one?" persisted John.

"Well, you can begin today," said his father. "You go on and play with your sister, and I will tell you when the dragon comes out."

So John ran off to play with his sister. I think if I remember right this was Christmas day, and John had been given a book, a book suitable for a little boy of two years old. Just imagine a boy of four being given a two-year-old's book! His sister had a beautiful doll for her present. Some of you boys may think it strange, but John dearly loved dolls, and he had had nothing but this poor little book, so he threw himself on the floor in a rage.

His father, who was sitting near, said quietly, "The dragon is out, John."

John stopped crying at once and went out of the room.

That night when he was saying "Good Night" to his father, he whispered to him: "Papa, I am very glad Catherine has the doll. I did kill the dragon, didn't I?"

I do not know about you boys—just what kind of a dragon may be around your home, but I am sure that if you watch, or get some one to watch for you, you will find a chance every day of being a saint and killing a dragon. You will have to remember, however, the secret of it: "I can do all things in Him who strengtheneth me."

THE GOOD QUEEN

WHEN I was in London a few years ago, one of the places I was very eager to visit was Kensington Palace, the childhood home of Queen Victoria, the grandmother of King George of England. Her parents were not rich, and she was taught to be frugal and to do the many household duties that helped to make her such a beautiful mother in later years.

I saw the rooms in which she used to play and work and sleep—very plain rooms, and the furniture just as it used to be. I saw her little playthings; and I remember especially the doll-house, very pretty, but no finer than many of our boys could make in manual-training school. The thing I was most struck with was her little account-book, given her by her mother when she was eleven years old. Her father, the Duke of Kent, died when she was only a baby. Her mother told her that she was old enough to have an allowance and to keep an account of how it was spent. And there in her handwriting were all the items for the month. One thing I thought very beautiful—she gave away to help others much more than she spent for herself.

But the thing I wanted to tell you about especially was how she felt and spoke when she first learned that she might one day become Queen of England. Her

mother was a very sensible woman and felt that Victoria should be brought up like other girls without thinking she was different from others, so she was not told that she might be queen. When she was fourteen years old, however, in studying her history lesson she learned that if she lived longer than William IV, then King, she would become Queen of England.

How do you girls think you would have felt? She was very quiet for a while, and then said, "If I do become Queen, I will be good."

Her first thought was not of the wealth and honor, the throngs of people coming to do homage—just to be good. And she was good. A good girl, a good wife, a good queen, a good mother. She was not "goody-goody," pretending to be good, and then being selfish and mean in secret. But she was so true to her words, "I will be good," that she became known and will always be remembered as "Victoria the Good."

Not many can be queens. Not many can be rich or great or beautiful or clever, but all can be good if when they are young, they will, like Victoria, give their hearts as homes for Jesus, and their lives to his service. So,

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever,
Do noble deeds, not dream them all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One glad, sweet song.

THE REAL CINDERELLA

I WONDER how many of the boys and girls here ever heard the story of the Real Cinderella, and know what her real name was.

Her real name was Rhodope, and she was a beautiful Egyptian maiden, who lived six hundred and seventy years before the Christian era. One day Rhodope ventured to bathe in a clear stream near her home, leaving her shoes, which were very small, lying upon the bank. An eagle, passing above, caught sight of the little sandals, and mistaking them for a toothsome morsel, flew down and carried one off in his beak. The bird, without knowing it, played the part of fairy godmother; for, flying over Memphis, where the king was dispensing justice in an open court, it dropped the shoe directly at the king's feet. Its small size and beauty immediately attracted the royal eye, and the king determined to know the wearer of so dainty a shoe. Messengers were sent through all the kingdom in search of the foot it would fit. Rhodope was finally discovered, the shoe placed on her foot, and she was carried in triumph to Memphis, where she became the Queen of King Psammeticus.

You pass along the street and hear children at play, and there comes to your ear a sweet and gentle voice, and you say, "I want to see the little girl that voice

belongs to." Or you hear a fine manly voice saying "NO" to some temptation or raised in defense of a weaker boy, and you look to see which boy it is. Or you are visiting a school and see samples of work; some are carelessly done, and you don't give them a second thought, but here is one beautifully and carefully finished, and you ask the teacher to tell you about that boy or girl.

Now the shoe fitted Rhodope when she was found. If she had had large feet and had just been playing with the shoes, or if, when they came seeking for the owner of the shoe, another girl had heard about it and had stolen the other shoe and said that she was its owner, think how ashamed she would be in the king's presence when the shoe was tried on and did not fit.

There are many boys and girls who can talk very sweetly when any one whose good opinion they wish to keep is near, who talk very much the other way at other times. But like the jackdaw in peacock's feathers, their words do not fit, and the King is not deceived. A great and good man in olden times prayed for people he was interested in that they "might be without spot or blemish before the King at his coming." Our King, Jesus, not only wants those in his presence whose acts and words fit their characters, but he wants us all to be like him and to be with him. And he wants us so much that he will take us just as we are and make us over into the kind of boys and girls he wants us to be. But we must be willing to give ourselves up to him, and let him do what he will with us. And then we must trust and obey him in everything.

THE JOLLY TREE

I FOUND a sermon the other day from *St. Nicholas* magazine that I am sure the boys and girls would like to hear.

It is about a new kind of a tree that we should all try to grow in our gardens.

If you never have planted a Jolly Tree,
 Don't wait for an Arbor day,
 But take a bit of advice from me,
 And do it without delay.
 It starts from a little, smily seed,
 And quick as a flash 'twill sprout;
 And when you have tasted the fruit, indeed,
 You never will be without.

As soon as the smily seed is in,
 At once it begins to grow;
 And the dear little giggly-buds begin
 Their gay little heads to show.
 And truly amazing it is to see,
 How in less than a wink and a half,
 A giggly-bud can grow to be
 The jolliest kind of a laugh!

The fruit is a cure-all, doctors say—
 The very thing for the blues;
 And when 'tis applied in the proper way,
 Is good for a bump or bruise.

Jack-in-the-Pulpit

Plain bread and butter, a treat will be,
With Jolly sauce on the tray.
Oh, come, let us plant a Jolly Tree,
Nor wait for an Arbor Day.

How many of you will start today to plant a Jolly
Tree?

FOLLOWING THE GUIDE

I HAVE a short New Year's sermon for the children this morning. The text is a great promise from our Father in heaven: "I will guide thee with mine eye."

Some years ago I used to go out with friends on fishing-trips into the woods and wilderness. Going into a strange country, I never felt that I wanted to go without some one with me who knew the way. We felt that we always needed a guide.

Every New Year is a strange country. We may think that we have learned from experiences of the past years what the next year will be, but we never can tell; it is as a pathless wilderness, and we are sure to get into countless troubles unless we have a Guide who will show the way.

I notice that this Guide says, "I will guide thee with mine eye." You see it would be possible for a guide to take one by the hand and lead him, but he would never learn self-reliance in that way, or gain wisdom and strength. Our Guide says he will guide us with his eye.

I am sure the children will understand what that means, when I remind you that you have oftentimes done things that displeased your mother, and have seen the look of pain upon her face and the tears gathering in her eyes, and you knew that you had done wrong.

Or perhaps you have been trying to do right and you have seen the look of gladness upon her face, and then you knew that you had been doing right, and she had guided you with her eye.

It is so with our great Guide. With the eye of faith we can always see his face and tell whether he is pleased or displeased.

And then you remember that somewhere he tells us that when we turn aside from his way and follow a path of our own choosing, we shall hear the voice behind us saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it." He is always calling his wandering children back to the right path. Let us always be sure that our ears are open to hear his voice.

As we face the New Year, with all it may mean to us, let us look up into the face of our Guide and commit our lives gladly to him, and let us run with endurance the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the Pioneer and Perfecter of our faith.

SPOILING A GOOD NAME

IN ancient times names were given to people to describe what they were or what they did. Some of the names we find in the Bible are beautiful. Isaiah means "The Lord is my helper." Samuel means "Asked of the Lord." His mother had prayed that she might be given a baby boy, so she called him, "Asked of the Lord."

Many of the names given to boys and girls today, if we follow them back far enough, were given in the same way. Albert, that is my second name, means "All Bright." Charles means "Of noble spirit." Leonard means "Lion-hearted." Margaret means a "Pearl," and Elizabeth, "Devoted to God," and so on.

The trouble is that it is so easy to spoil a good name.

How many of you can tell me anything about a man named Judas who lived in New Testament times? Yes, he betrayed Jesus. What was his other name? Iscariot, right! That simply told where he was from, Judas from Kerioth. But do you know what Judas means? It means "Praise of God." How terrible that he whose name was "Praise of God" should be known through all time as betrayer of his Lord.

Now let me give you a harder one. Who can tell me who Jezebel was? She lived in Old Testament

times. She was the wife of Ahab, the king of Israel. You will find all about her in First Kings. Well, Jezebel means "Pure." And yet this Jezebel was such a cruel and bloodthirsty and heartless creature that that name has stood all through the centuries for cruelty and wickedness. If we say of a woman, "She is a Jezebel," we mean that she is as bad as a woman can be.

In the sixteenth century there were men who organized themselves into a society which they called "The Society of Jesus," and were called Jesuits. In the dictionary you will find that a Jesuit is a "crafty person." Just think, taking the name of Jesus, who stood for truth, who was called Jesus because he was to be the Saviour, and making it cover trickery, treachery, and cruelty!

So you can see how terrible it is to spoil a good name.

The early disciples of Jesus were called Christians, the Christ men, in derision. But the name stuck and became a badge of honor. What a wonderful name it is; and yet how often we spoil it by failing to be like Christ.

An old Christian hero is writing to his young friend Timothy, and uses these words, "Let every one that nameth the name of the Lord depart from wickedness."

John, the beloved disciple, was a prisoner and an exile because he would not prove false to Christ. In a great vision he had—it is all described in the Book of Revelation—he was told to write letters to different churches. To the Church in Philadelphia—you see

there was a Philadelphia in Asia Minor, two thousand years ago—among other things, he was to write this loving word of praise from their Lord, “Thou didst not deny my name.”

It is a bad thing for Albert, who should be all bright, to spoil it by being sour and gloomy; for Charles, whose name means “Noble Spirit,” to spoil that fine name by being mean and selfish; for Leonard, Lion-hearted, to spoil a good name like that by being a coward; for Margaret, the Pearl, to be in character and life no better than a pebble from the gutter; for Elizabeth, whose name means “devoted to God,” to spoil it by being devoted only to herself. Yes, it’s bad for any of us to spoil a good and honorable name. But, how much worse it is to spoil the new name given us by our Saviour Christ, his own new name, by not being true to him, by not loving him. Let us take him into our hearts today, and let us live with him so in our thoughts day by day, that at the end of every day he may be able to say to us, “Thou didst not deny [spoil] my name.”

THE PONY ENGINE

I SUPPOSE the boys and girls of Emmanuel Church, especially those of you who are here today, would think that any story for kindergarten children would be beneath their notice. But I think you will enjoy this story which I found the other day in the *Kindergarten Magazine*:

Once upon a time a little freight-car loaded with coal stood on the track in a coal-yard.

The little freight-car waited for an engine to pull it up the hill and over the hill and down the hill on the other side.

Over the hill in the valley people needed the coal on the little freight-car to keep them warm.

By and by a great big engine came along, the smoke-stack puffing smoke and the bell ringing, "Ding! Ding! Ding!"

"Oh, stop! Please stop, big engine!" said the little freight-car. "Pull me up the hill and over the hill and down the hill, to the people in the valley on the other side."

But the big engine said, "I can't, I'm too busy," and away it went—Choo! Choo! Choo! Choo!

The little freight-car waited again a long time till a smaller engine came puffing by.

“ Oh, stop! dear engine, please stop! ” said the little freight-car. But the engine puffed a big puff and said, “ I can’t, you’re too heavy.” Then away it went, too—Choo! Choo! Choo!

“ Oh, dear! ” said the little freight-car, “ what shall I do? The people in the valley on the other side will be so cold without any coal? ”

After a long time a little pony engine came along, puffing just as hard as a little engine could.

“ Oh, stop, dear engine! Please stop and take me up the hill and over the hill and down the hill, to the people on the other side,” said the patient little freight-car.

The pony engine stopped right away and said: “ You’re very heavy and I’m not very big, but I think I can. I’ll try. Hitch on! ”

All the way up the hill the pony engine kept saying, “ I think I can, I think I can, I think I can, I think I can! ” quite fast at first.

Then the hill was steeper and the pony engine had to pull harder and go slower, but all the time it kept saying: “ I-think-I-can! I-think-I-can! I-think-I-can! I-think-I-can! ” till it reached the very top with a long puff—“ S-s-s-s-s! ”

It was easy to go down the hill on the other side.

Away went the happy little pony engine, saying very fast: “ I thought I could! I thought I could! I thought I could! ”

Quocunh
3/28/26

THE BOY WHO THOUGHT HE WAS YELLOW

A FRIEND of mine was holding meetings and conferences with the students of one of our colleges not long ago. He told me about a very interesting talk he had with one of the boys. This boy was the champion two-mile runner of the State. He looked very serious when he came into my friend's room, and the first word he said was, "Mr. B——, I'm yellow." "Why, what makes you think that?" my friend asked him. He didn't look like a boy with a yellow streak in him. "Well, it's this way," he said. "You see, I'm the champion two-mile runner. When I'm in a race and have run the first half mile, I feel as though I couldn't run another step; and then I think there are three more half miles, and I want to quit." "But do you quit?" my friend asked him. "No," he said, "but I'm terribly afraid I'm going to some time, and that fear is so great that in practise runs, just by myself, I don't dare stop when I feel that way for fear I'll do it in a race."

Now what do you boys think of a boy like that? Do you think he has a yellow streak in him? This is what my friend said to him: "My boy, the end of that first half mile is where you always tell whether a man is yellow or not. The yellow man quits; but the real man keeps on. He may want to quit. He may

think he can't go another step; but he keeps on just the same."

At the last accounts that boy was still two-mile champion against all comers.

Now I think that with that story and a text you boys ought to be able to preach a pretty good sermon to yourselves. I will give you for a text a verse which I took for a text for the first sermon I ever preached. It is in Mark, chapter 13, verse 13: "He that shall endure unto the end shall be saved."

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“HE’S A BRICK”

DID you ever have any one say of you, “He’s a brick!” How did you feel? It made you happy, I am sure. We think it a real compliment. That time you had to have a tooth pulled, and the dentist said, “You’re a regular brick, you didn’t even groan.” And that time you wanted to play with the other girls, and mother wanted you to take care of the baby, and you heard mother say to father afterward: “Mary’s a brick. I know she wanted to play with the girls, but she said: ‘No, I must take care of baby for mother. She’s awfully busy today.’” I know the happy feeling more than made up for the disappointment.

Did you ever hear how that saying came to be used? We are told that it was first used by the King of Sparta away back in the days of ancient Greece. He was showing a visitor the glories of his city. But the visitor was surprised to find no walls about the city. “Thou canst not have looked very carefully,” the King replied. “Come with me tomorrow, and I will show thee the walls of Sparta.” The next day the King showed his visitor his great army of Spartan soldiers all drawn up in battle array. “Here,” he said, “are the walls of Sparta, and every man a brick.”

The best defense of any city is the character of its people. Can King Jesus say of you, “Every one a Brick”?

SEEMING AND BEING

HERE is a book (showing a black book with Holy Bible marked on the cover). Who can tell me what it is? A Bible? Well—it looks like a Bible? Very well, any other reason for thinking so? “Holy Bible” printed on it—yes, in red and gold, too. It surely must be a Bible.

Well now, who can tell me what the Bible is for? To tell us about God, and his love, and how he wants us to live, how he hates sin, and how he gave his Son to be our Saviour.

A very wonderful book. Let's read some of it. (Begins to read and finds it a German dictionary.) Why, this doesn't read like a Bible. Perhaps my glasses are wrong. (Changes them.) No! As sure as anything this is a German-English Dictionary inside a Bible cover.

Then you can't always tell what a book is just by looking at the outside.

If one had glasses strong enough he might see right through this cover and find out what is inside. (Changes glasses again.) Oh! here, I can see now! “Hossfield's German Dictionary.”

Well, I wonder if you can tell people any better by the outside than you can books? We are apt to judge people by their looks.

There is One who does not need even glasses to see our hearts and to know our thoughts.

1 Samuel 16 : 7 : “ For the Lord seeth not as man seeth ; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart.”

It isn't enough then for us to be called Christians ; we must be Christlike in heart and thought and life.

No one would want his Bible covered with a dictionary cover. We want things to be what they look like ; and want things to look like what they are.

God wants us to be Christlike in heart and thought, and he wants us to look like Christians. He wants us to have his name and to have his nature too.

FIVE LITTLE FOXES

I HAVE for the boys and girls this morning the story of five little foxes, and I want to give it to you as I found it the other day :

Among my tender vines I spy
A little fox named "By-and-by."

Then set upon him, quick, I say,
The swift young hunter, "Right-away."

Around each tender vine I plant,
I find the little fox "I can't."

Then fast as ever hunter ran,
Chase him with bold and brave "I can."

"No use in trying," lags and whines
The fox among my tender vines.

Then drive him low, and drive him high,
With this good hunter named "I'll try."

Among the vines in my small lot
Creeps in the young fox "I forgot."

Then hunt him out and to his den
With "I-will-not-forget-again."

A little fox is hidden there,
Among my vines named "I don't care."

Then let "I'm sorry"—hunter true—
Chase him far from vines and you.

CHARACTER

OUR word "character" comes from a Greek word whose first meaning was "an engraving tool." Then the word came to mean the marks made by the tool—e. g., cutting letters, they were called "characters," as Greek characters, Hebrew characters, etc. Then the word came to apply to that by which men could tell one person from another; then to what one is. So today we say character is what a boy *is*—reputation is what others think he is.

Character is made by tools. There is first of all the rough material. The baby boy or girl; then the tools, play, work, words, thoughts. Then some very sharp tools for finishing off—pain, sorrow, temptation.

We can easily see how these last tools in unskilled hands could easily spoil the work. The tools cannot do anything by themselves. They need a workman. There is one engraver who likes to take these sharp tools and spoil us, make evil characters of us, like the hideous gargoyles we see sometimes on church buildings. But there is One who can take these tools and make us like himself in strength and beauty.

If we trust our lives to him, he helps us use the tools we ourselves can use. He shows us where we make mistakes, helps us to overcome them, and then takes the tools we do not know how to use, and finishes the

work, until we are transformed into his likeness from glory to glory.

What kind of a boy or girl do you want to be? Pick out the worst you know—unclean and lying, proud and selfish; think of the most hateful one you can—do you want to be like that? Then think of Jesus, and his wonderfully beautiful life as boy and young man—would you like to be like him? You can have your choice. But if you want to be like him, you must give yourself to him and let him make you like himself.

Won't you ask him today—now—to take you just as you are, and transform you into his own likeness and teach you and help you to live for him all your days?

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THE BEST FOR GOD

THE other day I read a story told by a missionary of a Hindu woman who was on her way to one of India's holy cities. She had with her a bright little three-year-old boy and in her arms a baby girl. The bright-faced boy was the pride of her heart, but she was almost ashamed to have a girl baby. The missionary stopped her and asked where she was from and where she was going. She was a long, long way from home, and had yet a long way to go to Benares, where she said she would give a gift to the god.

Several days later the missionary saw her returning. But there was no little boy; only the baby girl in her arms. Her face was very sorrowful. The missionary asked her what had become of her boy. The mother said, "I gave him to the god."

"You don't mean that you threw him into the Ganges?" the missionary asked in horror.

"Yes," she said, "the priest told me I must give the god a gift."

"But if you felt you must give one of your children, why didn't you give your baby girl?" the missionary asked.

And the answer came back, "Do you think I would give anything but my best to my god?"

This terrible story, more terrible because true, will

make us all want to tell those poor Hindu mothers of the true God, the loving Father, the God who is like Jesus when he took little children in his arms and blessed them, and said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

But I think this story will make us ask ourselves what kind of gifts we are giving to our God. Surely we will not offer to him who loves us so, anything less than our best. We will give our money, our time, our help, that the world may know of his love, but surely we will first of all give ourselves to love and serve him with all our hearts.

THE BOYS' HERO

EVERY boy loves a hero, especially after he becomes, say, twelve years of age. It may be Ivanhoe, or Robin Hood, or Napoleon, or Oliver Cromwell, or Lincoln, or Daniel Boone, or Buffalo Bill, or Babe Ruth, but whether he has anything else in the world or not, he must have a hero.

The trouble with most of our heroes, however, is that the better we come to know them, the less we are satisfied with them, and we shall find that those in whom we see least to be ashamed of are the ones who are the most like Christ. We shall find every good quality that we see in any of these heroes perfectly revealed in Christ. And he never changes. The more we know him, the more we love him. He never disappoints our highest expectations. He was meek and lowly when he was on earth, and yet, he is the great King and Lord. He never struck back at those who smote him and put him to death; and yet he lives today, the Great Captain of the great host of good soldiers who are fighting against the power of darkness. He is the great Captain who leads his people always to victory.

You will find that those who found in Christ their great hero, and that grew to be old men, were never ashamed that they enlisted in his service. When the

apostle Paul was near the end of his life, he counted it the one thing worth while that he had been engaged in the good fight under Christ's leadership. And John, when he was in captivity because he would not be untrue to his faith in Christ, was always thinking about him and was rejoicing that he had been counted worthy to suffer in Christ's cause.

I read the other day about a Quaker boy who was a real hero.

"It will be no use," said the young man. "I shall never fight. My mother taught me it is a sin. It is her religion, and my father's, and their fathers'! I shall never raise my hand to kill any one."

The recruiting officer took no notice. "We'll see about that later," he said.

The regiment went to Washington, and the Quaker boy drilled placidly and shot straight. "But I shall never fight," said he.

The word went out that there was a traitor in the ranks. The lieutenant conferred with the captain, and all the forms of punishment devised for disobedient soldiers were visited on this lad. He went through them without flinching, and then he was taken before the colonel.

"What does this mean?" demanded the officer. "Don't you know you will be shot?"

The Quaker smiled a little. He had steady eyes and a square chin. "That is nothing," he said. "Thee didn't think I was afraid, did thee?"

The prisoner went back to the guard-house, and the colonel sought out President Lincoln.

"Why, that's plain enough," said the President.

“There’s only one thing to do. Trump up some excuse and send him home. You can’t kill a boy like that, you know. The country needs all her brave men, wherever they are. Send him home.”

So the Quaker went back to the island, to life and duty as he saw them, and his children tell the story.

You see this boy was a hero because he followed Christ.

What if you should hear that your greatest hero was coming to Brooklyn tomorrow? Some great soldier, or some great explorer. I am sure you would all want to be on the street to see him and to welcome him. But Christ is here now, and he wants every boy to welcome him into his heart, and to follow him in his great warfare against all that is evil.

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THE BOYS' BEST FRIEND

THERE is no one in the world so misunderstood as the average boy. Sometimes he is very shy, and sometimes he is very forward and bold, but it is always because he is becoming conscious of himself. Great new thoughts are filling his mind, and the big sister or the older brother think him silly. It is so easy for them to forget that they were once twelve years of age. Mother still thinks he is a baby, and father hasn't time to think much about him anyway.

This boy, with his mind filled with great new thoughts, and his heart ready for great love, will become a friend as true as steel if he finds one whom he can trust and who is worthy of his friendship.

You will remember how Jesus was left behind in the temple by his father and his mother. They thought he was still a baby, but thoughts of what he was to do and be were throbbing in his mind, and they found him talking with the doctors and the scribes.

Now you see, can't you, boys, how important it is that you should find a friend you can trust, a friend who will never fail you, never lead you astray, who will always be worthy of your friendship? And Jesus wants to find boys he can trust. He wants them to be his friends, and every boy who trusts him will find him to be a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.

You remember the story of "Freckles," I am sure. How the poor boy with one arm gone, and half-starved, and ill-used came to Mr. McLean in the lumber-camp. You remember how he said to Mr. McLean, "If you will give me a job where I can earn me clothes, food, and a place to sleep, if I can have a boss to work for like other men, and a place I feel I have a right to, I will do precisely what you tell me, or die trying." And you remember how he was tested as he patrolled the valuable lumber of the Limberlost day after day, and how he fought his fears and came off conqueror. He was bound to be true to his friend, who, you remember, had given him his father's name, "James Ross McLean," even if he had to die in the attempt.

Dr. Russell Conwell, of Philadelphia, tells the story of a true boy friend:

In Savannah I was introduced to a very nice-appearing Southern gentleman, and I was told that he was a moral hero. When the young man was about fifteen years of age, a mob was about to lynch a black boy for some crime of which he was hastily judged to be guilty. This white boy, hurrying down into the field where the black boy was tied to a tree, forced his way through the crowd, and facing the crowd said: "If there is one to be lynched here today, there will also be two! This black boy was brought up with me. I have played with him all my life, and he is like a brother to me. I do not know what he has done wrong. If he has done wrong, my father says he ought to be tried in the courts, anyhow. I will stand by him and if you kill him you will have to kill me." So great was the impression created by the heroism of the boy that one in the crowd passed to him a knife and told him to cut the strings that bound the black boy. The white boy and the black boy marched out of the field together into the road. That boy was a moral hero. Can

you imagine anything more heroic than for a Southern man, with all his race prejudice against the negro, to stand up for his black friend like that!

You can be sure of this, that Jesus will never go back on you and if you will trust him, he will help you to be true to him. Won't you accept his friendship and give your heart to him today?

THE BOYS' SAVIOUR

EVERY boy should trust and follow Christ, because he is the boys' only Saviour. You need more than a hero to worship, and a friend to love and trust. We all need a Saviour, One who can save us from the sin of our hearts and keep us pure and true through all our lives. I am afraid that we do not any of us realize how great an enemy sin is, and how it blights and ruins the soul.

I remember many years ago hearing a lecturer tell a story about a magician who had performed a number of experiments before an audience and then he said: "Now I want to do the most wonderful thing of all; I want the brightest and handsomest boy in this audience"; and he called out a bright-faced boy sitting near the front. The father was very proud to have his boy singled out. The boy stood before the magician on the platform. The magician made a few passes with his hands over the boy's head and presently the brightness began to go out of the boy's eyes and the flush from his cheeks and the smile from his face. Deep lines began to show on his face, his body shriveled, and presently he stood before the audience and his father, a driveling idiot. In terrible anguish the father cried out to the magician: "Change him back to what he was before. Give me back my boy!"

"Oh," said the magician, "I cannot do that. I can change bright boys into idiots, but I cannot change idiots back into bright boys again."

This man was a temperance lecturer, and by his illustration he was trying to show the terrible havoc that strong drink played with bright boys. But sin is the terrible magician that knows how to ruin boys. And sin never does anything else but ruin. And there is only One who can save from sin. Remember what the angel said to Mary, "You shall call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins."

I know many of you will say that you do not intend to be wicked men; but it is terribly easy to be led astray, little by little. No one ever becomes a great sinner all at once. It is by yielding to a little temptation here and a little temptation there. I read a little while ago about an experiment in a gun factory:

A great bar of steel, weighing five hundred pounds and eight feet in length, was suspended vertically by a very delicate chain. Near at hand was also suspended a common bottle cork by a silk thread. The purpose was to show that the cork could set the steel bar in motion. It seemed impossible. The cork was swung gently against the steel bar and the steel bar remained motionless. But it was done again and again for ten minutes, and lo! at the end of that time the bar gave evidence of feeling uncomfortable; a sort of nervous chill ran over it. Ten minutes later, the chill was followed by vibrations. At the end of half an hour the great bar was swinging like the pendulum of a clock.

We need some power greater than ourselves to

enable us to resist the power of sin. That is why I am so anxious that you should accept Christ as your Saviour and follow him now, while you are boys. What if you could be sure that you would live to old age and would then want to follow Christ? Think how ashamed you would be of years of wasted life. I remember hearing of a man who was dying, who cried out, "Oh, gather up my influence and bury it with me." He had led many astray by his influence. He might as well have asked them to gather up the wind and bury it with him. The only way for us to be sure that our influence will always be helpful is to follow in the steps of Christ.

Doctor Grenfell, of Labrador, was adrift for twenty-four hours on a piece of ice, never expecting to see land again. He was rescued by his friends after those long hours of exposure. He said, "I had learned on the ice many things, but chiefly that the one cause of regret when we look back on a life which we think is closed forever, will be the fact that we have wasted its opportunities."

As I think of my own life, the one thing above everything else for which I am thankful, is that when I was twelve years of age I gave my heart to Christ. And imperfectly as I have followed him during all these years, I have yet in my heart the joy of knowing that he is my Saviour. I want you to know him and to have him as your Saviour and Friend.

“THE MASTER IS HERE AND
CALLETH THEE ”

You remember the story of the home in Bethany, how, when Lazarus was sick, the sisters sent a message to Jesus, and he, after waiting a few days, came to Bethany. When Martha heard that he was coming, she went out to meet him and then sent word to Mary, “The Master is here!”

That is true today. I can truly say this morning, “The Master is here.” You can’t see him, but you can hear him, for he is calling YOU. By his word, by our hymns, by the voice in your heart he is calling you. He is saying to some of the girls: “I want you to go and tell the little girls in China of the love of Jesus. I want you to go to Cuba, or Mexico, to tell the little children who are afraid of God that he is their Father and wants them to love and trust him. I want all of you to give your lives to serve me in your homes and at school and at play.”

And to some of these boys, I am sure he is saying, “I want you to preach my message of joy and peace to a restless, weary world, perhaps in Japan, or in China, or India, or here in our own country.” Or he may be calling some of you to be doctors, or teachers, or lawyers, or business men, or workers with your hands, but he calls you to serve him. He calls you to

come to him and tell him you will love and obey him, that you will always try to do whatever you think will please him.

A little boy went home the other day and told his mother that Mr. Shaw had spoken to him and called him by name. There was nothing very wonderful about that, I am sure, for Mr. Shaw wants to know all his boys and girls by name. But what if the governor of the State should be in the city and see you and speak to you? You would be proud indeed. And if Mr. Harding should have spoken to any one of you boys when he was in Brooklyn last fall, you would never forget it, I am sure. But just think, Jesus, the King of all kings, is HERE and is speaking to you. Listen to him, boys and girls. Trust him, give him your love, and obey him in everything. And don't be afraid to let your companions know that you love him.

If the president wanted you to do something for him, you would be proud to tell others about it. So why should you be ashamed to have it known that you have answered the King's call and are trying to serve him? I don't want you to be prigs, and he doesn't want you to either, but when you are tempted to do wrong, just say, "My Best Friend wouldn't like me to do it, and I want to please him."

But what will you say to him as he calls you this morning? Will you say, "I am too busy now having a good time, I may listen to you by and by when I get older"? I don't think any of you will want to say that. Won't you say to him something like this, "I am only a boy, but I remember you said when you were only twelve years old, 'I must be about My Father's

business,’ so I will gladly follow you if you will show me the way ”? Or: “ I am only a little girl and there isn’t much a little girl can do, but you alone have made it possible for little girls to have a happy life, and you gave your life for me; if you will show me what I can do, I will do it gladly, and all of my life I will try to live as you want me to.”

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